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THE CONFERENCE.

FEW more extraordinary instances of the sublime unreason which characterizes believers in the present Ministry have been seen than the reception in some quarters of the statements of the PRIME MINISTER and of Lord GRANVILLE on Tuesday. It is true that some of those persons who were at first deluded seem to have recovered their senses; but the marvellous thing is that any one should have been deluded at all. Mr. GLADSTONE, with immense parade and formality, summed up the previous attitude of the Government, and the advance upon that attitude which the Government was prepared to make. By one of the exercises of what may permissibly be called sleight-of-tongue, in which Mr. GLADSTONE has no rival, he presented two identically similar sets of propositions to the House, representing set number two as an important improvement on set number one. By Mr. GLADSTONE's own account, Government, when he rose, stood pledged to communicate certain results of communications to Parliament, and by Mr. GLADSTONE's account Government when he sat down stood pledged to present to Parliament certain results of communications. Between the two there was no difference whatever, except that the words "before the Conference meets" were inserted, and that insertion was made entirely nugatory by the fact that the announcement, though made before the Conference met, would be made after the arrangements with France and other Powers were concluded. Nothing that was drawn from Mr. GLADSTONE in his subsequent cross-examination in the least explained, improved, or further defined this position. Lord GRANVILLE was even less explicit; and in his cross-examination took refuge in absolute silence on more than one point on which the greatest interest is felt in the country (for instance, the employment of Turkish troops), and on which, if reports on the subjects are ill founded, there could be not the slightest difficulty in giving satisfactory assurances, inasmuch as such assurances could in no way affect those purely financial *pourparlers* which, according to the Government, are going on with France.

So far then from rising with any comfortable assurance, Parliament has risen with no assurance at all, except the very uncomfortable one that some afternoon it may be informed of the conclusion of arrangements between an English Government and the European Powers by which the entire fruit of the expensive and anxious occupation of Egypt will be surrendered. That even the rumoured international audit would, in fact, amount to such a surrender is perfectly clear. But there is no security that the mysterious preliminary communications are limited to financial affairs. With a consistency which they have scarcely shown in any other matter, HER MAJESTY's Ministers have declined to give any such assurance, and to contradict the disastrous rumours which are spreading all over Europe. To discuss those rumours in detail is an unnecessary, and perhaps a mistaken, proceeding. For, in the first place, it gives the Government the easy triumph of pointing out that in the event this or that particular step has not been taken, and in the second the particulars have but little effect on the general question. No one who has taken the very slightest pains to ascertain the feeling of the country (not in the sense in which that phrase is constantly misused on all sides, but in the true sense—the feeling not of Conservatives merely, still less of Jingoies merely, but of the great body of reasonable

and patriotic Englishmen of all political faiths) can be ignorant of the bent of that feeling as far as Egypt is concerned. Few men wish for a nominal annexation; not many care about a declared protectorate; the great majority are perfectly willing that Egypt shall, if it can, be put in the way of managing its own internal affairs. But almost all are agreed that "neither Parma, nor Spain, nor any 'Prince in Europe' should be allowed again to meddle with Egypt. It is nearly impossible that such negotiations as the Government, by its own confession, is carrying on, can end without the admission of such meddling; they may very probably end by the admission of it to a degree which will make England impotent, instead of paramount, on the Nile and the Canal. M. DE LESSEPS's victory over his shareholders rather intensifies than lessens the awkwardness which would result in regard to the Canal from a multiple control, inasmuch as the new relations of England to the undertaking will be peculiarly subject to interference and disturbance by adroit representations of foreign Powers. If Ministers sympathized in this respect with the country, there can be no possible reason why they should not declare their feeling, inasmuch as by so doing they could only strengthen their own hands and save foreign Powers the risk of making a troublesome, not to say dangerous, blunder. The impossibility, therefore, of any reason, except a sinister one, for silence, makes that silence (which, let it be repeated, has yet been in no important respect whatever broken) alarming in the highest degree. That the Government is not wholly bent on surrender may perhaps be inferred from the unusual length of the negotiations, which otherwise might have been easily concluded; and this is almost the only cheerful inference which is reasonably possible in face of the fact that secret negotiations are going on about a matter where foreign Powers have or ought to have no concern beyond a purely business guardianship of their subjects' private interest. And it may be added that some Government partisans would do well to be chary of reference to other negotiations supposed to have been carried on secretly. The parallel is in many ways inexact, but it is most inexact in this, that the negotiations of 1878 ended in the modification to the advantage of England of an advantage gained by England's rivals, while the negotiations of 1884, if they have any result at all, can only end in the modification to the advantage of England's rivals of a great advantage gained by England. We are in Egypt; no Conference is needed to continue us there; a Conference may very probably result in our being turned out. Or rather it may so result if the people of England, like those of Paraguay, decide to continue idiots.

Against all these uncomfortable considerations the supporters of the Government make head or attempt to make head in a fashion which of itself shows their ignorance of the intentions of Mr. GLADSTONE, and their disquiet as to those intentions. They declare that Mr. GLADSTONE's statements are perfectly satisfactory, and at the same time they appeal almost pathetically for an implicit trust and confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE, which, if his statements are satisfactory in themselves, it is superfluous to demand. But this attitude of despairing faith is sufficiently justified by the news from Egypt itself. Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD has given up the unequal combat with Egyptian obstruction, French *crocs-en-jambe*, and English faintheartedness. Whatever the wisdom of his original appointment may have been, whatever faults of detail he may have himself committed, his retirement is a defeat for the Government, and a

disaster for its projects of reform. Colonel SCOTT MONCRIEFF's note as to the internal condition of Egypt is one of the severest criticisms ever passed on the dealings of one country with another. From Nubia the Mudir of DONGOLA, who seems to be a person possessed of some humour, telegraphs that he has subdued the rebels, not by persuasion, but by thoroughly defeating them. The uniform contention of the Government (the consistency of which has indeed been a little broken down by such incidents as Teb and Tamasi) is that the rebels are to be subdued or brought into new and peaceful relations with Egypt, not by thoroughly defeating them, but by persuasion. Everything goes to show that the rescue of the interior garrisons cannot be effected except at great cost and difficulty, and it is at least credibly reported that the Powers which Mr. GLADSTONE is going out of his way to admit to a share in the management of Egypt by no means understand or approve the abandonment of the Soudan to anarchy and the MAHDI. In short, in every instance where the policy and the results of the Government are open to inspection and criticism, they are proved to have lamentably failed, or to be succeeding only in proportion to the violence which has been done to the Government principles. It is something of a paradox, to say the least, to claim confidence in the unseen actions of those whose seen actions have proved almost uniformly unsuccessful.

WOMEN VOTERS.

THE proposal to admit women to the electoral franchise excites little general interest, although the question may hereafter perhaps assume a certain importance, and it already furnishes matter for exciting controversy. The arguments in favour of the feminine vote are plausible, and they admit of full and candid statement. The reasons or motives of the other side are partly instinctive, and they sometimes bear an invidious appearance. The defects of logical faculty which may be observed in the arguments of the ladies who promote the movement are not perhaps conclusive objections. Existing constituencies are seldom guided in their choice of candidates by inferences from admitted principles; but prejudice and passion need no additional reinforcement. There is some ground for the contention that women who pay rates and manage independent households are often more intelligent and trustworthy than the lowest class of present and future electors; but the admission of women to the municipal franchise has not elevated the character of the local constituencies or increased the purity of elections. Mr. BRIGHT, when he announced his intention of resisting the female claims which he had at one time supported, thought that the result of the municipal experiment had not been satisfactory. There is an apparent anomaly in the exclusion of an educated woman from political activities while the roughest workman in her employment may be entitled to vote; but women of the higher classes will, in any case share the practical disfranchisement which awaits their equals of the dominant sex. Few among them desire the privilege which is claimed on their behalf, though a simple-minded Correspondent of a newspaper lately assumed that the division of opinion among women corresponded to the proportion of the speakers and writers who have taken a public share in the controversy. As in all similar cases, indifference and dislike to change are represented by abstention and silence. It is not surprising that women who disapprove of publicity and agitation should remain quietly at home.

It is possible that the comparative strength of political parties might not be greatly affected by the addition to the electoral lists of a number of names which is loosely estimated as equal to a seventh or an eighth of the whole. That the innovation would be advantageous to the Conservative cause is an expectation which will probably be disappointed. There is no doubt that women are more amenable than men to ecclesiastical influence; but clerical agency would not be all on one side. Modern experience also proves that anti-religious fanaticism is as unreasoning as the strongest sectarian propensity. There are women who now persuade themselves that they believe in Positivism, Agnosticism, and even in the fantastic theories which are attributed to the Buddhists. Controversies on such subjects are not likely to determine the political course of the less enthusiastic sex. In matters of more practical urgency ladies who have engaged in public movements have almost uniformly been subject to a bias in favour of objects to which they unconsciously attach a kind of moral reverence. The great

majority among them are passionately opposed to the consumption of liquors containing alcohol; and they are almost unanimously bent on sacrificing sanitary considerations to their own limited conceptions of propriety or of humanity. If feminine zealots had their way, there would be no precautions against the spread of some terrible diseases, and scientific inquirers would be summarily prohibited from the prosecution of the valuable and necessary experiments. The ratepayers whom Mr. WOODALL and his allies propose to enfranchise might, perhaps, on questions of this kind be numerous enough to turn the scale against robust morality and masculine common sense. The fundamental changes of the law which have been introduced in late years for the protection and benefit of women furnish a sufficient answer to the complaint that the sex requires additional securities against legislative injustice.

No answer has been attempted to the obvious objection that the proposed state of the electoral law would be more anomalous than the present. The distinction between men and women is more natural than the arbitrary preference of widows and spinsters to married women. Indeed the more candid among the female advocates of the amendment now entrusted to Mr. WOODALL have never affected to disguise their consciousness that the limitation of the claim to ratepayers is little better than a practical joke. Having once succeeded in giving mistresses of independent households a right to vote, they believe, on intelligible grounds, that it would be impossible to maintain the disabilities of wives, if not of single women living with their families. In an age which regards apparent inconsistencies as more intolerable than grave public dangers the argument would probably prevail in the first instance, though experience of the preposterous consequences might ultimately provoke a sweeping reaction. It is impossible to leave out of consideration the probability, or rather the certainty, that the Franchise Bill, whether or not it includes the enfranchisement of women, is neither destined nor intended to be final. The two or three millions of new electors, having owed their own admission to the aid of their agents and natural allies within the present constitutional pale, will not fail to open the door in turn to those who may still be excluded. The promoters of the present agitation are fully convinced that the immediate enfranchisement of female ratepayers will, when the next Franchise Bill is introduced, inure to the benefit of the entire sex. The majority, or at least the half of the total electorate, will then consist of women, who, according to the theory of their rights, will, if they think fit to combine, absolutely control legislation. The equality of women with men having been once conceded will by unanswerable logic lead directly to the absurdest conclusion. At this point, indeed, the real rulers of the community will stop short; and it is highly probable that they will reverse a course which has ended in a practical paradox. It is of the essence of representative government that the electorate should have a certain degree of uniformity; and, at least in political life, men and women are neither similar nor equal. If female voters formed two-thirds or three-fourths of the constituency, they would not be allowed to govern the country. The experiment of giving political power to a class which was not strong enough to exercise or defend it was tried under favourable circumstances by the victors after the American Civil War. Through the exceptional machinery of a constitutional amendment the whole negro population of the South was invested with the electoral franchise. In some States the new voters formed the majority; and under the lead of Northern adventurers they obtained for a short time the control of the Government and the Legislature in several States. When the superior race exhibited discontent and attempted occasional resistance, the Federal troops were employed, especially during the Presidency of General GRANT, to protect the State authorities. The result, which was attained in some degree with irregular violence, but in ordinary cases by lawful pressure, has been the recovery by the white inhabitants of their natural supremacy. Although the coloured population still prefers its Republican patrons, it is anticipated that in the Presidential election the South will as a solid mass support the Republican candidate. It would be equally unjust and discourteous to place Englishwomen on the level of emancipated negroes; but they have in common the quality or disqualification of inferior strength.

It is true that the inevitable failure of ambitious schemes for the political elevation of women diminishes the importance which might otherwise attach to a doubtful experiment; but it is not justifiable to introduce a questionable innovation

on the ground that it will ultimately fail. Notwithstanding repeated reductions of the suffrage, the choice of those who are to govern the country is still an important function. Unwilling submission to the decision of an irresistible majority furnishes no reason for concurrence in a further injury to the Constitution. It is not certain that the House of Commons, when its title to respect has been gravely impaired, will retain the supreme power which it has possessed for several generations. Indifference to the character of the electorate can only be justified by despair; and it is possible that some redeeming element may be found to qualify the natural effects of democratic change. The proposal to enfranchise women may be regarded either as a serious project or as a measure which is doomed to ignominious failure. In either case it will not commend itself to the general judgment. The agitation in favour of the plan is intrinsically weak; nor, indeed, has it been ascertained whether any considerable number of women wish to obtain the franchise. It is easy to understand the reasons which induce some eminent converts to tolerate a change which is not, like other schemes for extending the franchise, merely an advance to pure democracy; but even when representative government has degenerated into its lowest form, it will still be desirable to maintain the doctrine that the suffrage is not a right, but a fiduciary duty. Schemes for doubling hereafter the numbers of the constituency imply a certain contempt for the franchise.

MR. TREVELYAN'S BILL.

IT has been said, with perfect justice, by persons of the most opposite casts of political thinking, that it is impossible at present to criticize the details of the Bill which Mr. TREVELYAN has brought in for transferring the soil of Ireland from landlord holders to peasant proprietors. Such criticism will no doubt be forthcoming in ample measure, and we shall not be backward in contributing to it. But the printed details must be studied before any such criticism can be given with propriety, and a very great number of side issues must be considered before their bearing can be properly estimated. Some points, however, there are which can be dealt with fairly and profitably at once, and it so happens that those points are the points of most importance in estimating the conduct of the men who have by their own confession made such a measure desirable in their own opinion, and also in estimating the probable result of the measure, supposing that it is brought into working order. It is proposed, in short, to judge Mr. TREVELYAN, his Bill, and the Government which is responsible both for him and for it out of Mr. TREVELYAN's own mouth. We shall not here criticize the construction, the probable delivery, and the quenching powers of the fire-engine. We shall confine ourselves to the description of the fire by those who have caused it and have proposed to put it out, and we shall try to form some idea of the state of the building when, if ever, the fire has been got under.

In the first place, Mr. TREVELYAN's speech is, in fact, an elaborate apology for the Land Act. It is very well known that that measure, as proposed, was to be a final remedy for the woes of Ireland. It was to cause no loss to landlords; it was to bring about no form of financial, no new form of agrarian, difficulty. So far from rendering land unsaleable, it was at once to put the whole Irish land question in working order. Meeting the demands of the tenants for security and saleableness of their interests, it would in general render them indifferent to the remaining burdens which would be once and for all adjusted by an equitable tribunal. Defining once and for all the extent of the landlord's interest and powers, it would make that interest and the negotiable value of those powers as easily and directly realizable as the interests and values represented in the stock of a State loan or the debentures of a wealthy corporation. If there were any tenants to whom the burdens of tenancy were in themselves objectionable, if there were any landlords who disliked the new form of limited landlordship, the purchase clauses would fully meet these minor difficulties. Such was the contention of the advocates of the Act; and, in defiance of the arguments of those who here, as elsewhere, pointed out that these expectations were not only not reasonable, but in the highest degree unreasonable, the Act was passed. Mr. TREVELYAN has come forward to tell us what are the results of its passing. According to this witness, certainly not a witness prejudiced against the Land Act, the land of Ireland

is now "practically unsaleable." To buy from a limited owner, such as the great majority of Irish owners are, under the Act of 1881, "might frighten the boldest," and Mr. TREVELYAN further hints very broadly that even the boldest buyer may be further hampered by the uncertainty "how far the Government would go"—that is to say, whether the partition of landlord and tenant interest under the Act of 1881 was final or not. Yet, again, Mr. TREVELYAN tells us that, though the Land Commissioners have "laboured hard" and are well on with their primary work, the burden of appeals is in a state "which cannot remain any longer without a remedy." We make the slightest possible comment on this picture, which has been drawn from Mr. TREVELYAN's outlines with the most scrupulous moderation. We need do no more than remind our own readers at least that every point—the unsaleableness of land, the hesitation of tenants, the certainty of an unmanageable throng of appeals, the impossibility of leaving matters as they would stand after the passing of the Act—was urged long before the Bill passed, and scornfully denied by the advocates of the Bill. There is exceedingly little credit due to us. We only saw that two and two made four, and said so. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues only said that two and two did not make four, and now come forward to observe, with no very obvious contrition, that unluckily they do.

The general character of the means by which Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues propose to redress this trifling miscalculation remains to be briefly considered. There will be, as has been remarked, much to be said about the particulars hereafter; we deal here only with the general result. A possible total of twenty millions is to be advanced by the State (that is to say, the taxpayers of England and Scotland; for Ireland, as already receiving more than it pays, does not come into the calculation) to buy the Irish tenant's holding for him, say at twenty years' purchase, and let him have it on payment of five per cent. for thirty-three years. We leave these terms entirely undiscussed from the point of view of finance and of land value for the present. We pass over the very obvious reflection that twenty millions will not buy the whole landlords' interest of Ireland on such terms or anything like it. Let the plan be supposed in a state of accomplishment to-morrow. The State will then be for a third of a century landlord of Ireland, and defaulting tenants will, according to the scheme, be proceeded against by local authorities. Nobody, though with the prospect of being a freeholder in the next generation, will pay much more than he pays now; some holders will pay less, but the payment will be absolutely rigid. It will not be alterable at the fifteen-year periods of the Land Act; there will be no abatements, and the charity of the landlords, whose last reason for residing in Ireland will be done away with, will disappear altogether. The scheme, if carried out, will be an *experientum crucis* for Mr. GEORGE in one sense, though Mr. GEORGE's soul will be racked by the thought, first, that the money will for a time go into the landlords' pockets, and, secondly, that at the end of that time the hated principle of private property in land will be established more firmly and defended by more interests than ever. For these sorrows of the Prophet of San Francisco the moan will here at least be small. But during these thirty years the State will be exposed to two new and formidable dangers. The landlord buffer will be taken away, and the State and the rent-payer will be brought face to face. The agitator will no longer have to encounter even such small difficulty of the moral and sentimental kind as besets him at present. He will no longer have to recommend the people to hold the harvest from a man like themselves, who, as at intervals they probably feel, must eat bread and drink whisky, must bring up his children and pay his tradesmen even as they. The screw will only have to be put on an abstraction, and on the particular abstraction—the Government—which all Irishmen are wont to look on as intended to supply their wants. We go no further in indicating consequences. It may be that the conditions just pointed out may influence favourably, instead of unfavourably, the chances of a system which has, without those conditions, notoriously failed in Germany and Russia, and which has only partially, and in quite unreplicable circumstances, succeeded in France. It may more reasonably be argued that, whatever the dangers or difficulties of the scheme, it has been made inevitable by those mistakes in the Land Act which Mr. TREVELYAN and his colleagues once denied so stoutly and now admit with such edifying

frankness. On these, as on other matters, there will be plenty of opportunity for discussion. To whom the Government are indebted for this scheme, how the detail of a mixed court for ascertaining values will work, what is likely to be the influence on the plan of the threatened extension of Irish local self-government and of the Irish franchise, with what eyes it is likely to be looked on by the great but rarely consulted or remembered body of Irishmen who are not tenant-farmers—all these matters may be left aside at the present. The first point of importance is, if possible, to prevent the repetition of the mistake which was committed three years ago—the mistake of blundering into huge projects of legislation with eyes obstinately shut to the inevitable consequences of those projects. The preamble—the unwritten preamble of course—of this Bill is a distinct confession that its predecessor is a failure; that most things evil which its opponents said of it have come true; that most things good which its advocates said of it have not come true. So frank an acknowledgment deserves to be met frankly, and the provisions of the Purchase Bill shall be criticized strictly on their merits. But in any part of such criticism which deals with consequences it is well to record beforehand the fact that in respect of such criticism the introducers of the Land Act of 1881 are by their own confession convicted of incompetency. Their intentions are no doubt excellent, their judgment may perhaps have been corrected little by the course of events. But it is not entirely a recommendation to a physician who is in charge of a difficult case that he has by his own avowal brought the case to its present pass by mistaken treatment.

ROWDY RELIGION.

THE daily papers continue to be filled with letters complaining about the doings of the most noisy of recent additions to the copious and variegated *hortus siccus* of dissent. From day to day somebody writes to ask whether this last growth of vanity and vulgarity is to be allowed to obstruct traffic and endanger life in the streets. For the benefit of people who require to have everything written out for them in large capitals, we may observe that we are speaking of the Salvation Army. It is just as well to avoid any risk of being misunderstood, or else we might speak of these latter-day flagellants as this hideous nuisance or this blasphemous buffoonery without calling them "out of their name." What the correspondents to newspapers have to say about them is always one of two or three things. Now it is an account of how carriage-horses are terrified and the lives of the lieges endangered by a howling mob headed by a big drum. Then it is somebody writing from a quiet neighbourhood to ask whether the inhabitants must submit indefinitely to be invaded every Sunday by a heated and gabbling mob, who collect and yell round a preaching cheap-jack, with musical accompaniments in the form of brayings from brass instruments blown by players who have received their only instruction from "the Spirit." Occasionally the tale is varied a little. The *Standard* has published a series of letters, from which it appears that an unfortunate omnibus-driver has been imprisoned for furious driving because he could not stop his horses in the middle of a swarm of these ignoble fanatics.

All this is doubtless an old story. We have had the Salvation Army with us for many a day, and perhaps that may seem to some a good reason for continuing to put up with it. To our mind this prolonged toleration fully entitles us to insist that the pretence or even the reality of religious enthusiasm shall no longer be allowed to protect a common nuisance. The direct or indirect encouragement of the thing has been from the first one of the ugliest proofs we have seen of this generation's ready toleration of vulgarity. Even the Church of England has condoned the Army's fussy vanity and profane use of names which are sacred to every right-minded Englishman for the sake of advertisement, because the wire-pullers of the speculation profess to be moved by zeal for religion. It is not, however, necessary to suppose that they are otherwise than sincere to find a reason for regulating their public manifestations of enthusiasm. Such zeal is only felt by the stupidest of mankind, and is an insult to all religion. Indeed, this regard for uncouth piety is not itself without a dash of hypocrisy. If a foolish Roman Catholic priest were to court a mild martyrdom by carrying the Host through the street to a dying parishioner, or if Cardinal MANNING (we only suppose such a thing for the sake of

illustration) were to degrade the ceremonies of his Church by marching a Corpus Christi procession through the Borough, the bray of Exeter Hall would be heard throughout the land. It would be much if we escaped a "No Popery" riot. But we may find an even apter parallel. If the devotees of some Oriental religion—and in these days of Esoteric Buddhism we may expect anything—were to raise a holy place to some big-bellied and many-armed god, and were to provide it, as it would be easy for them to do, with the necessary staff of sacred heterae, the pretence of religion would not protect them from the ordinary police measures taken against disorderly houses. The most scrupulous defenders of religious liberty would soon make necessary distinctions between freedom of worship and licence to commit a nuisance. Now, with a full recognition of the wide difference between the open practice of immoral indecency and mere rowdy disturbance, we think it is time that the same discrimination should be shown in dealing with the Salvation Army. Since there are people so coarse and ignorant as to think that they propitiate their God by bawling gibberish to music-hall airs, and by flourishing fusty pocket-handkerchiefs about on their knees, in the sacred name of human folly let them do these things—within four walls. When the mechanical operations of the Spirit, however, lead to disturbances in the streets, the professors should be promptly required to choose between fine and imprisonment. No sophistry about religious liberty can do away with the fact that a noisy mob rambling after a banner and a band, with a reformed house-breaker or converted potboy performing antics in front, is a nuisance. When a quiet neighbourhood is invaded every Sunday by a rabble of this sort, it is subjected to a cruel infliction. The national sense of decency is degraded by the spectacle, and by the rather cynical toleration which allows it to cover itself with fine names. The thing has been allowed to go on unchecked long enough to show that there is no wish anywhere to limit anybody's religious liberty, and now the mere public noise of the Army should be stopped on the purely mundane ground that it is a nuisance. If the necessary legal means do not exist they should be provided, and it is the duty of everybody who is not ready to submit to every vulgar imposition to exert himself to see them supplied.

THE STATE OF BUSINESS.

THE present state of business in the House of Commons is probably not regarded by the Government with sanguine hopes of successful legislation. The Franchise Bill will still occupy some time, although the remaining amendments will all be rejected by overwhelming majorities. In the early part of the Session it seemed possible that the gross mismanagement of Egyptian affairs might detach a certain number of the supporters of the Government from the Ministerial ranks. The prevailing dissatisfaction has since been greatly aggravated; but Liberal malcontents, though some of the most eminent among them from time to time speak against the Government, vote with scarcely an exception in its favour. They would probably have pursued the same course even if the Opposition had not provided them with an excuse by more than one mistake in tactics. As a rule, Liberal members cannot afford to oppose their local patrons, and the Caucuses know nothing of foreign affairs, and care little for the honour of England. For any exceptional display of independence mutinous Liberals hasten to atone by voting with the Government on strictly party issues. The great majorities on the Franchise Bill are partly composed of penitents who are anxious to obtain absolution for unwelcome criticisms on the marvellous blunders perpetrated in Egypt, of which the list is not yet exhausted. The majority on the remaining divisions on the Bill will perhaps also be swelled by a dozen deserters from the Conservative side. To the Government it can matter little whether amendments are defeated by a hundred or a hundred and fifty. The only doubt which remains as to the progress of the Franchise Bill in the House of Commons is whether it will be passed in a fortnight or in a month. The reception in the House of Lords will attract more eager curiosity.

It seems to be understood that the Merchant Shipping Bill will be dropped for the present Session. The suspicion that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wished for a postponement is probably unjust, though it was naturally suggested by his speech. A reference to a Select Committee would shelve the measure for the present year, and it will be useless to

read the Bill to the Standing Committee on Trade, unless some previous understanding can be established with the shipowners. It is not yet known whether Railway Commission Bills will be exposed to similar difficulties. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN showed in his speech on Mr. SAMUELSON's outrageous proposal that he was not disposed to regard Railway Companies as objects of public hostility and licensed plunder, and the Bill is in most respects moderate and reasonable. It has consequently disappointed some of the freighters, who hoped that the Commission would be empowered to reopen the Parliamentary bargains under which railways have been made. If both the larger bodies of traders and the representatives of the railway interest agree to the principle of the Bill, the details may perhaps be arranged by the Standing Committee without interference with other business. The Metropolis Government Bill can scarcely be read a second time before the Franchise Bill is disposed of. No measure of equal magnitude has at any time received less support from public opinion. At the meetings which are from time to time held in its favour, Mr. FIRTH and Mr. BEAL still take prominent parts. A much abler advocate, Sir CHARLES DILKE, lately found it expedient to minimize the proposed changes by a hint that the District Councils might perhaps be allowed larger powers of local administration. To the objection that the metropolis has no real unity Sir CHARLES DILKE replied by reference to the Metropolitan Board of Works and to the Asylums Board, which already provide for wants common to the whole district. He might have cited many instances in which neighbouring urban districts combine, as in the case of the Nottingham drainage, for definite purposes without need of municipal amalgamation. There is not the smallest reason to expect that the proposed Common Council will discharge more efficiently the duties which are now performed by the Board of Works. Even the warmest supporters of Sir W. HARDCOURT's Bill must admit that there is no considerable external pressure to counteract the probable indifference of the House of Commons. The Opposition, though it may perhaps care little whether the experiment is tried this year or the next, cannot be expected to offer the Government any extraordinary facilities for carrying an unwise and unnecessary measure.

The conventional fiction that a Local Government Bill might possibly be passed during the present Session has by this time been tacitly abandoned; and, even if the London Municipal scheme is also dropped, the legislation of the year will have been sufficiently ambitious and comprehensive. It is not desirable to multiply and accelerate projects of universal change at a time when a majority of members of Parliament, and probably of electors, scarcely affects to consider the gravest political question on its merits. The Bradford Caucus, when it denounced Mr. FORSTER's alleged disobedience to the PRIME MINISTER, was apparently unconscious that the policy of the Government in Egypt had any bearing on the Vote of Censure. It is impossible to estimate beforehand the time which may be occupied in debate on matters more urgent than almost any scheme of legislation. In a short time it will be known when the evil-boding Conference is to meet, and what are the limits of its functions. Both Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE have promised to give Parliament an opportunity of expressing an opinion before the conditions of the Conference are finally determined. In the too probable contingency of a sacrifice of English interests it will be absurd to complain of Parliamentary criticism. Up to the present time Mr. GLADSTONE has provided abundant excuse for preliminary warnings and provisional protests. The declaration that English interests in Egypt, and also in the rest of the world, would be regarded as paramount was conceived in his happiest vein of oracular sophistry. In exactly the same sense it might be argued that cruelty to human beings is objectionable because animals ought not to be cruelly treated and because man is an animal. It is possible that other foreign complications may require Parliamentary notice. The wholesale slaughter in Zululand, for which the English Cabinet is responsible, cannot be indefinitely tolerated. The proposed treaty with Portugal as to the Lower Congo, and the negotiations of the International African Company with France, may also furnish subjects for discussion. It is not satisfactory to know that whatever the Government may do will be supported by the votes of a disapproving but unalienable majority.

The few members who take an intelligent interest in finance will apparently allow Mr. CHILDER'S measures to pass without prolonged opposition; but it is possible that some ex-

pression may be given to the general doubt as to the prudence of meddling with the currency. There would be no difficulty in meeting the expense of restoring the gold coinage by the issue of a temporary loan of moderate amount. A mere shade of distrust in the soundness of the currency would cost the country more than the moderate outlay which must by some means be provided. Contrivances for disguising necessary expenditure involve a waste of ingenuity; but it is doubtful whether Mr. CHILDER'S device may not be passively accepted. His threatened augmentation of the Succession Duty, which is much more important than the adulteration of half-sovereigns, cannot be properly discussed during the present Session. The measure will perhaps be reserved to a Parliament which will regulate taxation according to the convenience of constituents who will themselves be exempt. The vast majority of the new electors will contribute neither to the Income-tax nor to the Legacy and Succession Duties. The dissociation of taxation from representative power has long been foreseen. Democratic innovators are well advised in postponing the introduction of their financial theories till they have secured the monopoly of electoral power.

It is still uncertain whether Irish affairs may not in the latter part of the Session resume the prominence which they enjoyed in former years. Mr. TREVELYAN'S measure for encouraging the sale and purchase of land must necessarily have been unpalatable either to the Land League faction or to the owners of property, and it will impose a very heavy burden on the public revenue. Mr. PARNELL has naturally reserved to himself the right of opposing a measure which is extravagantly favourable to his clients. Neither he nor his followers pretend to regard justice in their dealings with landowners. It may, perhaps, be impossible to counteract their advice that tenants should refuse to purchase, in the hope that they may obtain the fee-simple of the land on easier terms. Their attitude during the debates on Mr. TREVELYAN'S Bill will be determined by the same considerations. During the present Session the HEALYS, the O'BRIENS, and the BIGGARS have scarcely found a sufficient vent for their energies. Even the pleasure of worrying Mr. TREVELYAN by vexatious questions must sometimes pall; and the familiar processes of obstruction could not have been revived with advantage. The Liberals, who consider themselves loyal, have voluntarily done the work of the Irish agitators. The transfer of nearly the whole representation of Ireland to the enemies of the Crown and the Empire will have been accomplished without the need of any exertion except two or three votes in favour of the Franchise Bill. The Home Rulers share with the MAHDI and his followers, excepting, indeed, the few thousands who were slain in battle, Mr. GLADSTONE'S sympathy for patriots "who are rightly struggling to be free."

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

NO one who has made a personal inspection of the pictures deposited at South Kensington by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest would be likely to guess at the terms of the great sculptor's will. So far as the general public can judge, the fund exists for the purpose of assisting the families of deceased artists; of encouraging young painters, especially if they chance to be Scotch, there being apparently a "favoured nation" clause for that purpose; of buying something from every year's exhibition of the Royal Academy, the fund being evidently intended exclusively for the benefit of Academicians and their pupils. Strange to say, there is nothing whatever of this kind in the will. It provides that, after the death of the testator's widow, which happened in 1878, an addition of 300*l.* a year was to be made to the salary of the President of the Royal Academy and 50*l.* to that of the Secretary, and that the interest of the residue should be employed in collecting a gallery "of works of fine art of the highest merit," whether by a native or a foreigner, who has worked exclusively in Great Britain. The Trustees were further enjoined to buy only works of the "highest merit," and were expressly forbidden to think of anything else in making their selection. The exact words of this part of the will are as follows:—"My will is further that such President and Council, in making their decision, shall have regard solely to the intrinsic merit of the work, and not to allow any feeling of sympathy with an artist or his family, by reason of his or their circumstances, to influence them." They were expressly forbidden to give a commission; but the price paid

was to be liberal, and entirely at the discretion of the President and Council. The works thus bought were to be exhibited for a month, either at the Academy or elsewhere. It was further provided that no part of the fund was to be employed in erecting a gallery, as Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY expected that a suitable building would be provided by the State. The State has fulfilled this expectation by allowing the pictures to be hung in a chamber at the South Kensington Museum, where they are very well seen. CHANTREY intended that his trustees should have the occasional advantage of larger funds at their disposal, and permitted them to accumulate the annual interest for a period not exceeding five years; and desired that they should never think it necessary to spend all, or any, of the money in hand. How far the Council of the Royal Academy has carried out the spirit of the will must be judged by an examination of the collection, and by observing the way in which the money has been laid out. Attention has been very pointedly called to the subject this year, and the idea of the highest art shown by the Trustees has been found to differ somewhat widely from that of the general public and the art critics.

The pictures exhibited at South Kensington are twenty-one in number. Four pieces of sculpture are in the same room. It cannot be said that more than four or five of the pictures are of "the highest art." One of them is the "Venus and Æsculapius," by Mr. POYNTER, which was the best picture of its year and is now the best in the Chantrey Collection. Mr. WATTS's "Psyche" is admired by those who understand this phase of Mr. WATTS's art. Mr. BRETT's "Britannia's Realm" is unquestionably his masterpiece. Very far behind these three is Mr. ORCHARDSON's melodramatic "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*." Mr. YEAMES's "Amy Robsart" is a large, but hardly a great, work. Mr. W. L. WYLIE's view on the Lower Thames is good in its way, as is, in a very different way, Mr. ROOKE's "Ruth." Mr. JOHN COLLIER's "Hudson" is very powerful if painful. The rest of the pictures seem to have been chosen only to set off those we have named. No straining of the words will make out a water-colour by Mr. WADE to be "a work of art of the highest merit." Mr. DICKSEE has since belied the moderate promise he gave when he painted "Harmony." The great HILTON is certainly not of the "highest merit," and is the only old picture in the collection. How far did its purchase fall in with the "sympathy" clause quoted above? There are works by Mr. REID, Mr. FARQUHARSON, Mr. J. KNIGHT, Mr. JOHNSON, Mr. CLARK, and others, of which we can only say that they will hold their own with Mr. PETTIE's "Vigil" and Mr. MURRAY's landscape from this year's Academy. Of the sculpture, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's "Python" and Mr. THORNEYCROFT's "Teucer" are worthy to stand by Mr. POYNTER's "Venus," and may in their own style be reckoned works of high art, which cannot honestly be said of the two statues associated with them. When Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS's "After Culloden" comes from Burlington House, it may fairly match Mr. ORCHARDSON's "Napoleon"; but it is impossible for even the most leniently disposed critic to say that the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest would not have been better advised if, instead of buying twenty-eight works, they had been content with, say, eight, and had saved their money to add perhaps a REYNOLDS, perhaps a GAINSBOROUGH, perhaps a TURNER, to the collection. The present exhibition of the Royal Academy is not a very good one—indeed, some judges say it is a very bad one—but the Trustees of the fund might unquestionably by a little seeking near the ceilings of the different rooms have found at least one figure-picture and at least two landscapes better worthy of selection than those they have purchased. Their administration of the trust should be watched very jealously and carefully by the public. It is not, as Mr. GLADSTONE oddly contended, a private affair. Mr. GLADSTONE would be the last to allow such a plea if it was put forward by a London Alderman or an Irish Churchman. Possibly it is a gratifying thing to a member of an artistic body to have it within his power to recommend a "work of art" which but for such recommendation might have a slender reed to lean on in its own merits. Sympathy of a not purely artistic kind may be suspected by the profane as the reason for some recent purchases. This may or may not be the case, but certainly such a method is hardly what Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY intended to encourage by the terms of his will. The members of the Royal Academy should resolutely set their faces against what

outsiders coarsely designate as "jobbery." We cannot go so far as this; but if we visit the Chantrey Gallery at South Kensington, remembering the terms of the bequest, and remembering also the very similar, but of course much larger, collection at the Luxembourg at Paris, it is impossible to think that the trustees have fulfilled their duty to the public. They may, of course, and according to Mr. GLADSTONE they do, repudiate any obligation to the public; but that it exists is not to be explained away by such a denial. The Academy is not a private association. If it is, let it drop the title of "Royal," and take lodgings for itself. But as long as it enjoys its charter it is bound by the same laws, and must perform its duties with the same regard to public opinion, as if it were governed by a Minister of State, and called a "department."

THE ART OF FICTION.

THE rule (so familiar to disappointed authors) that criticism is written by the fellows who have failed is not without its exceptions. In a pamphlet published by Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS we have Mr. BESANT, one of the fellows who have succeeded, writing on "The Art of Fiction." Few things are more interesting to all who care for any art than criticism by an artist. It may be said, as a general rule, that all discourses on the theory of any art, on aesthetics of every degree, are practically useless. But so are metaphysics and moral philosophy; yet these studies have an undying attraction, though they neither make us more moral nor more wise. Mr. BESANT's remarks on an art which he practises with such success will make no one a better novelist, though they may perhaps prevent some persons from attempting to write fiction. Yet they are full of interest to all lovers of fiction, from the housemaid with her *London Journal* to the learned judge or weary statesman, who are often as confirmed and indiscriminate novel-readers as the housemaid.

We have sometimes wished that every one who lives by criticism could be made to write (not to publish) at least one novel. That would show reviewers (as TURNER said of his own art) "how difficult it is," and would perhaps take the self-confidence out of them. Yet the process might fail. The late Mr. GEORGE LEWES had written *Ranthorpe*, and, not the less, was the author of a letter of critical advice to CHARLOTTE BRONTE, in which he seemed to think that he knew more about her art than the author of *Jane Eyre*. Mr. BESANT's essay will at least show some people "how difficult it is," how laborious a task is the composition of romance. We may pass over his theories about the place of fiction among the other arts and his theory concerning amateur novelists. "These we give our daily dreadful life to," as Mr. BROWNING says about DANTE. The novelist, Mr. BESANT says, must have sympathy, must have the enthusiasm of humanity; but it by no means follows that Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, or any other eminent Comtist, would make a good figure if he penned a romance. The enthusiasm of humanity is not the one thing needful, and Mr. BESANT notes its absence in DE FOE, we do not quite see why. Next the novelist must have the gift of selection, like the painter, like TURNER for example, who would raise a tower some hundred feet, and introduce a lake where none was visible, in the interest of his picture. It is not easy to make out what Mr. BESANT's attitude towards such a novelist as FLAUBERT may be. He wishes the artist in romance to choose all humanity for his province and to be untiring in minute observation. No one is less squeamish in recording all emotions, even the most obscure and discreditable, of humanity; no one is more unwearying in the collection of facts and in study by actual experiment; no one, again, is more deeply convinced that his works have a moral mission than the author of *L'Assommoir*. Mr. BESANT believes in this universality of interest, this personal observation, this moral purpose, yet (in his recent lecture) he spoke with extreme severity of M. ZOLA. The reason is not far to seek, as much of that author's work is an abomination to the cleanly British mind. But, if we can imagine M. ZOLA without his delight in things unclean, and with a jollier mental habit (for Mr. BESANT thinks the artist should have "a hearty manner"), then the Frenchman would almost be the critic's ideal romancer. He probably agrees with Mr. BESANT "that everything in fiction 'which is invented, and is not the result of personal experience and observation, is worthless.' Here, perhaps,

Mr. BESANT's own practice differs from his precepts. "In some other arts the design may be fanciful, unreal, or grotesque; but in modern Fiction, whose sole end, aim, and purpose is to portray humanity and human character, the design must be in accordance with the customs and general practice of living men and women under any proposed set of circumstances and conditions." Yes; but if the proposed circumstances and conditions be as fantastic as in *The Case of Mr. Lucraft, or All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, there is more room for "the unreal, fanciful, or grotesque" than Mr. BESANT seems disposed to allow. So much the better, of course, for the art of fiction. He who practises it, in any case, must have sympathy, humour, observation, power of description, power of selection and of dramatic presentation, and, above all, a story to tell—a story which will fill his book, as its idea fills a sonnet, without padding. Let the ambitious lady (or gentleman) about to stain foolscap ask herself or himself as to the possession of these necessary qualities, and whether the gift of style accompanies them. But the beginner is more likely to reflect that he will be no worse than most of his neighbours, which, so far, is true. His real merits he will find out when he tries to get his book published, *not on commission*—a thing, says Mr. BESANT, which should "never, NEVER, NEVER" be done.

POLITICAL ELUCIDATION.

ON Saturday last the supporters of the London Government Bill assembled in the Town Hall of Kensington to consider the measure in question. The meeting, as we read in the papers, was crowded. Had it not been so, the fault would not have lain with those who manage the Liberal cause in the borough which Sir CHARLES DILKE represents in Parliament. The peculiar method of elucidating political questions which consists in packing meetings and punching heads is well understood in Chelsea, and it has been pleasantly said that it is to its powers of "elucidation," and not to any connection with mysteries, that the Eleusis Club, to which Sir CHARLES DILKE owes so much, is indebted for its name. It is known to all persons in London, and to most in the country, that the Bill excites the smallest possible amount of popular enthusiasm. Indeed it has often been said, and with absolute truth, that London is against the Bill. Nobody is better aware of the fact than those who have brought the Bill in. When, therefore, there is no genuine public opinion in favour of it, and a very strong and genuine public opinion against it—of which fact the introducers of it, living in London, are fully aware—it becomes necessary to get up something which, to the eyes of persons not living in London, may simulate public opinion.

With this object the meeting of Saturday last was convened. We are able to state positively that this was a packed meeting. Printed circulars were freely sent round in the borough begging the supporters of the Liberal members to appear early, lest those on the other side should get in first. And the letters which have since appeared in the papers show that the private applications made beforehand had been most effective. A large number of persons responded to the Liberal call, and those people who came in later on the understanding that the meeting was a public one in the ordinary and honest acceptance of the term found themselves deceived. We have before now had occasion to show how spiritless, in spite of the best of causes, the Conservative organization in Chelsea is compared with that of its Liberal opponents. The whip by which the supporters of Sir CHARLES DILKE were brought together mentioned particularly the hour at which the doors would be opened, and begged them to *attend early* (the italics are those of the circular); and it further added that, as there was reason to believe that opposition might be made, the Honorary Secretary trusted "that you will do all in your power to contribute to the success of this important meeting." The reports of the proceedings show that this appeal was not made in vain. A correspondent, writing to the *Standard* of Tuesday, states that he and a crowd of other people had assembled at the front entrance of the Kensington Town Hall by half-past seven, at which hour the doors were opened. Now in the circular sent round to the supporters of Sir CHARLES DILKE, which we have before us, a *quarter past seven* was mentioned (underlined) as the time to be present; and, when the hall was opened at the half-hour, the general public found that it

was already partly filled by those who had not entered in at the door, but had climbed in by some other way. The meaning of the circular becomes thus at once apparent, and the truth of our statement that the meeting was a packed one still more evident. The subsequent events of the evening make this truth so palpable that the members for Chelsea themselves would not now dispute it anywhere in public without a playful wink at their friends. A correspondent writing to the *St. James's Gazette* relates how four well-known roughs attempted to enter the hall, but were repulsed by the police, till the latter were told by a well-informed Liberal that the four in question were "all right" and "our men." He goes on to relate how they proved the earnestness of their political convictions by assaulting many persons and, in particular, by knocking down, kicking, and dragging along the floor an elderly gentleman, who was at last rescued by the intervention of the bystanders. Another correspondent writing to the *Standard* says that, notwithstanding all the packing and all the roughs, there were so many persons present opposed to the Bill that the name of Lord SALISBURY whenever mentioned was loudly and longly cheered, and that a gentleman on the platform at this so-called "public" meeting was assaulted and turned out of the Hall for being one of the cheerers. We have both the name of this gentleman and the mode of his ejection on the independent authority of other eye-witnesses. The meeting, in short, was a fraudulent one, intended to convey to country constituencies the notion, which everybody in London knows to be untrue, that a majority of Londoners are in favour of the Government Bill.

It is difficult sometimes for well-informed persons to write gravely on a subject which is nevertheless one of the gravest in modern politics. And this is the power which our present civilization puts into the hands of party managers to manufacture, adulterate, and falsify public opinion. Mean and laughable as it is when viewed in some aspects, the subject is one of the highest public importance. It is now possible, as it was not in former days, for a handful of adroit persons, backed by adequate funds, to create the false impression that they stand as the representatives of popular feeling. To pack meetings; to meet the figures and facts of opponents, not with other facts and figures, but with a positive and untruthful denial; to send round deceptive circulars; to organize resolutions of country "Hundreds" (who are alike ignorant and careless of metropolitan life) as to the way in which our affairs can be best administered—all this is, as we have often said, nothing more or less than the deliberate manufacture of a spurious public opinion. And the result of this system applied to all political questions is to degrade and dishonour public life, and to force out of it all those who value, above any other consideration, the sense that they are gentlemen and men of honour.

FRENCH POLITICS.

THE French Senate and Chamber of Deputies are settling down to work after their holidays with a pleasant feeling that their country has scored a distinct success in Tonquin, and is in a fair way to do something striking elsewhere. The Republican majority of the legislators may further reflect with pleasure that the Bonapartist and Monarchical parties have been doing their very best to make themselves consummately ridiculous. M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC has hit upon a grand plan for upsetting the Republic and ruining Prince JEROME BONAPARTE. According to this notable scheme, all the Monarchical Oppositions were to have patched up an alliance by the admission of direct contraries for the purpose of destroying the existing form of government, and then when it was done they were to see what they should see. In the meantime the redoubtably editor of the *Pays* was not perhaps averse to temporary and local alliances with the anarchists, who form the extreme of his enemies, the Republicans. It is M. DE CASSAGNAC's opinion, apparently, that a Republican is only thoroughly hateful when he possesses some remains of moderation and good sense. This league, as might have been expected, was scarcely even stillborn. Here and there a Monarchist partisan may have fallen in with M. DE CASSAGNAC's egregious proposal; but, as a rule, the party declined to start on such an exceedingly vague course of adventure under such a leader. While the fighting men of the Empire were scheming in this serio-comic fashion, their dynasty has been setting all Paris

laughing by a family quarrel of a most commonplace character. It has been a matter of solemn debate and angry public squabbling whether Prince JEROME was or was not going to allow Prince VICTOR, his son, heir, and rival, to have lodgings for himself and a sufficient allowance. The great question was further complicated by curious stories about legacies and unknown benefactors, and doubts as to whether the whole quarrel is not a piece of amateur theatricals got up for the benefit of such persons as are easy to be led by the nose. While the enemies of the Republic are proving to demonstration that they can do nothing singly, and distrust one another too much to unite, the Chambers can turn with a quiet mind to the business of legislation. The Senate works with a distressing sense that something unpleasant for it is brewing in another place ; but for the present it has a task of its own to dispose of. This is M. NAQUET's Divorce Bill, a measure designed to deprive the large and flourishing body of French novelists of a considerable share of their daily bread. The merits of the question are simple enough on the surface. The Senate has to decide whether a country in which 2,800 judicial separations are granted yearly can or cannot allow complete divorce without shaking the basis of social order, and ruining the institution of the family.

While the Senate is trying to distinguish between the sense and the sentiment—often very mawkish and unwholesome—of the divorce question, the Chamber of Deputies is at work on the Army Bill, and is preparing to set about the revision of the Constitution. The French army has notoriously been in a state which can be satisfactory to its enemies only for a long time past. The Chamber will have to deal with difficulties which are common to most European nations, and with others peculiar to France. The system of mobilization is known to be confused ; the staff, the cavalry, and the artillery are deficient in many respects. Since France has taken up an active Colonial policy it has become a matter of pressing necessity to organize a stronger special permanent force than the existing marine infantry, for prolonged service on distant stations. These, however, are comparatively minor difficulties, and could be overcome by better management, or the outlay of more money. The want of officers, and especially of non-commissioned officers, is a far more serious defect. France has not educated men enough to officer the army on a war footing ; and the difficulty of finding non-commissioned officers is increasing every day. Owing to the growing distaste for military service, and the general prosperity of the country, it is found impossible to tempt men to remain long content with the position of sergeant. The want is exaggerated by the French system of promoting a large percentage of sergeants to the higher ranks, by which all the best men are taken away from the discharge of humble but most necessary duties. It is obvious that the first remedy to be tried should be an increase of pay ; but the Ministry, under severe pressure from its supporters, has preferred another and very French method. By the existing military law, which was copied from the Germans, young men who have received a certain degree of education, and who can afford to pay a sum of money, are allowed to serve for one year only. This has struck the severe Republican virtue of M. FERRY's majority as an odious social privilege, a thing to be abolished. The new Bill, therefore, makes military service obligatory for three years, and declares all exemptions illegal. In this way it is hoped that educated men who find themselves doomed to three years in the ranks will be driven into filling the positions of sergeant and corporal, and the French army will be amply supplied with intelligent non-commissioned officers. The specious air of impartial justice in the measure covers its real iniquity. No importance is allowed to the contention that three years' service represents very different things to a lawyer or a man of business and to a vine dresser. The majority has shut its eyes to the obvious fact that France cannot support all the men who will be called out under the provisions of this Bill. It winks at the equally obvious truth that some exemptions will be necessary, and that they will be given underhand if they cannot be given openly. The protests of commercial bodies and the learned professions are set aside as claims for a privilege, and the clause making the three years' service obligatory has been voted. It will establish a system which cannot work, and has sacrificed the French army to a pedantic theory of social equality. Meanwhile, the consciences of the Deputies are clear. They have once more declared all men equal on paper.

The Revision Bill has this much in common with the Army Bill, that it also is to a large extent a matter of sentiment. To a foreigner there does not seem to be any reason why the Constitution should be revised at all, and many why it should be left as it is. It prevents nobody in France from having his say, and it certainly does not leave the Government unduly weak. To revise it merely because it was drawn up by Monarchical party leaders who hoped to use it for the defeat of the Republican party seems the merest pedantry, if it is not small personal spite. It is, however, the origin of the Constitution rather than its form which displeases the Republicans of the moderate party who are now in power. They are not content to know that the dangerous game played by the Duc de BROGLIE and his friends proved, as it deserved to prove, a complete failure. They will not be content till they live under a Constitution made by themselves. Apparently, however, they will be content with changing as little as possible. M. FERRY's revision is the work of men who feel they must do something because they have talked themselves into it. He is thoroughgoing in one thing only. Public prayers are to be abolished *sans phrase*. The rest of the revision deals with the French institution which comes next in weakness after the Church. The powers and the form of the Senate are to be pared and pruned. Life Senators are no longer to be elected, although those who are already elected are to remain in enjoyment of their privilege. In the future, too, the communes will have votes for the election of Senators in proportion to their size. The Senate's power of amending money Bills sent up from the Chamber of Deputies is to be restricted. In short, it is less a revision of the Constitution than a revision of the Senate that seems necessary to M. FERRY. At the bottom of his heart he thinks, to judge from the Bill as far as it is yet known, that nothing need be done at all ; but he is bound by his own words, and the promises made by his party when it was in Opposition and needed a cry. It is characteristic of French politics that the Revision Bill starts with a declaration that the Republic is immortal. A Bill of this kind is manifestly not calculated to please the extreme Republican party, and that is without peradventure the best thing that can be said in its favour. It was scarcely worth while revising at all if so little needed change ; but changes are sometimes imposed by the necessities of parties, and then it is wise to do as little as possible. M. FERRY probably has good reason to know that there is no Conservative party to fight for the Constitution in its present accidental form.

CRICKET.

THE match between M.C.C. and the Australians is now matter of ancient history. One or two remarks, however, may be offered on an event which, though ancient, is not the less historical. In the first place, the Club were extremely fortunate to have the first innings on a wicket far more perfect than most things in a universe which is far from being complete or equal to our desires. Again, the Club was lucky in the decision of the umpire, who gave Mr. GRACE not out (on an appeal for stumping) when he had made only about a dozen runs. The bowler was Mr. COOPER, who tosses an extremely slow ball, that gets up and gets in very rapidly from leg ; and Mr. GRACE did not at first seem at home with his deliveries. Mr. COOPER bowls almost exactly like Mr. CRAIG, who puzzled the Colonists a good deal at Edinburgh two years ago. After that let off, we only observed one apparent chance given by Mr. GRACE, a hard one to the bowler. He took the edge off the Australians' bowling, and the spirit out of it, wherein he was aided by Mr. STEEL. Out of practice as he probably was, Mr. STEEL played as well as we have ever seen him do, and it is impossible to beat his best. BARNE'S century was also got in his best manner ; he is an exemplary bat when he has confidence. The best Australian bowler was Mr. SPOFFORTH, who never tired or grew indifferent. The fielding was far better than that of the English team. The innovation of leaving the ground in a body, during play, for refreshments was to be regretted, though palliated by the extreme heat of the weather and length of the innings. The cricket in the two Australian innings partook of the nature of skittles. BANNERMAN, Mr. MURDOCH, and, in the second innings, Mr. SPOFFORTH played cricket. Several of the others apparently went in

to hit at everything, and seemed to have made up their minds to lose the match. Mr. McDONNELL did, indeed, hit over the Pavilion and out of the ground in all directions. Quite undaunted by his wonderful swiping, Mr. I. D. WALKER kept on Mr. C. T. STUDN, in spite of many missed catches. Mr. GRACE had a bad hand; but that was a reason for not putting him out for catches in the long-field. The high wind also made "skyers" difficult to judge, and Mr. O'BRIEN let one chance fall behind his head, though he held another admirably. Mr. C. T. STUDN showed much judgment in a catch at cover-point, where the fielding of Mr. STEEL was an example to all. Never before, perhaps, in such a match did a man give four chances in three consecutive balls, get missed thrice, and caught the fourth time of asking. This feat, which appears impossible, was performed by the batsman being let off in the long-field, at point, at wickets, while the ball was held by slip after it had bounded from the hand of the wicket-keeper. It was a great pity that MIDWINTER could not play; in fact, the Australians had all the worst of the luck.

The cricket at Birmingham scarcely counts, and a grassless wicket caused a scratch team to be disposed of for 82 and 26, while the Australians had much difficulty even then in winning. Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON's bowling has won him a place in the Eleven of Gentlemen who play the Australians at Lord's. But at Lord's there is grass on the wickets.

At the Universities, Cambridge has shown a lack of bowling in the match with Yorkshire, which scored three centuries in one innings. The batting, too, did not reveal very much promise. At Oxford Mr. HINE HAYCOCK played a very long and faultless innings for Perambulators (men from the six public schools) against Et Ceteras. Mr. WHITBY, who bowled so successfully against the Australians, quite failed against the Perambulators. On a very good wicket he appears to lose his sting, and he ought certainly not to be hacked about bowling in college matches. A swift bowler, especially when very young, should not take too much out of himself.

In the match between Australians and Gentlemen of England, at Lord's, one Eleven is not representative. Mr. LUCAS is not playing, nor Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, nor another excellent bat and wicket-keeper, Mr. KEMP, who has again scored so freely for Oxford. Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON, Mr. ROBERTSON, Mr. BUSH, none of them batsmen, are in to bowl and keep wicket; while Mr. FORBES, Mr. EVANS, and Mr. ROTHERHAM are absent, and Mr. O'BRIEN is pursuing his studies in collegiate cloisters. In the first innings Mr. GRACE and Lord HARRIS played well; Mr. RIDLEY still better, when he overcame his horror at Mr. GIFFEN'S deliveries; and Mr. VERNON, as usual this year, was in great force. The bowlers played bowler's innings, except Mr. STEEL. Australia made a bad beginning before their wicket-keeper began to hit. On the whole, the match, as far as it has gone at the time we write, shows the strength of amateur batting and the feebleness of amateur fast bowling.

THE PARK RAILWAY SCHEME.

THE Report from the Select Committee on the "Park Railway and Parliament Street Improvement Bill" was presented to the House at the beginning of the week. It is of the mildest and most inconclusive character, and we are not surprised to hear that the promoters of the scheme intend to try again next year. The Committee refuse to sanction the Bill for various reasons, but, on the whole, admit its principle. The wording of the Report is very vague and even obscure, but, so far as we can gather from it, the question of ventilation was considered the most serious one, and that of "a physical junction or an interchange "station" as next in importance. The Committee did not consider it "within their province" to offer any opinion as to the limits within which the principle of connecting a public improvement with a concession to a railway should be confined. This is a pity; the point is one on which such a Committee might have spoken strongly; and they would assuredly have had public opinion with them if they had expressly condemned the mischievous practice of allowing the employés of a Government department to meddle with the schemes of engineers and the professional promoters of Companies. They appear, however, to have had more than a suspicion as to the designs of the Great Western Company to which we adverted last week. Some of the witnesses "clearly

"contemplated the use by the Great Western Railway of "the proposed terminus" at Westminster; and the Report draws attention, therefore, to the recommendations of an earlier Committee—that of the House of Lords in 1863—in which it is expressly stated to be undesirable that the main stations of the principal long lines of railway should be brought further into London, while it was suggested that new lines should be constructed "for carrying passengers from different parts of London to the main stations of the long lines," and that these shorter lines should not be in the hands of the great Companies.

The question of junctions is much insisted upon. Sir EDWARD WATKIN promised, if this Bill was passed, to apply for leave to make a junction with the District Railway when the District Railway had obtained leave to double its line. If the District Railway did not obtain this leave before 1886, then Sir EDWARD undertook that a junction should be made between the Westminster terminus and the Thames Embankment by means of a subway. This very disjunctive and hypothetical proposition does not satisfy the Committee, who are of opinion that the obligation on the District Railway to double its line "would be of so "onerous a nature as to be practically prohibitive"; that a physical junction with the inner line would be attended with delay and inconvenience, if not with danger; that an interchange station would be best, but that a subway of the nature and length proposed would not answer. They further observed that a physical junction would involve a diversion of the line, and would interfere with the proposed arrangements between the FIRST COMMISSIONER of Works and the Railway Company. Put into plain English, this seems to mean that, though Sir E. WATKIN was at first willing and happy to accede to the views of the FIRST COMMISSIONER and his subordinate, he was quite as willing and happy to throw them overboard when he had got all he could out of them. So far, then, it is clear that the Committee refused to sanction (1) the intrusion of the Great Western; (2) the widening of the District Line; and (3) the junction of the District Line and the Parks Line. On the other hand, the Committee made no difficulty as to the introduction of the line into the Parks, conceiving this to be the province of the FIRST COMMISSIONER, which it undoubtedly is. But it does not seem to have occurred to the Committee that, when the FIRST COMMISSIONER fails to fulfil his duty in this respect, it was quite within their province to say so. The FIRST COMMISSIONER should not "in his province" have sanctioned the scheme, and the failure to point this out otherwise than by suggestion or implication is a very unsatisfactory feature of the Report.

With regard to the ventilating shafts the Report is scarcely more explicit. "Your Committee," it says, "do "not feel in a position to express any very decided opinion." The system of ventilating the tunnels as explained by the promoters was wholly and admittedly experimental only. Widely different views were expressed by the practical men examined, and a doubt clouded the minds of the Committee as to "whether the cost of working such ventilation "effectively would not be exceedingly heavy in proportion "to the traffic of the line." Several witnesses expressed their opinion that in a few years the Railway Company would apply "for power to make openings or 'blowholes'" "in the Parks, an application which it might be difficult to "resist." There was an equal diversity of testimony as to the effect which would be produced by the ventilating shafts, "and as to whether in certain states of the atmosphere "considerable nuisance might not be experienced from the "concentration at three points only of vitiated air proceeding "from tunnels of such length, on lines worked under "the conditions proposed." The Report is evidently an attempt to reconcile divergent views; for, after the above sentence, comes this one, which to the ordinary reader will appear wholly inconsistent with it:—"It is fair to state "that in our view such inconvenience has been greatly "overrated by many of the witnesses."

The last paragraph of the Report is, perhaps, the least satisfactory of all. The absence of any demand on the part of the public for such a railway, and the very outspoken opposition to the scheme which was revealed by those persons most to be affected by it, are passed over in a brief clause of a longer sentence, and are only used, so to speak, to round a period. They think a railway through the Parks is not, in itself, a very objectionable thing; but they think permission to make one should only be granted "when a public want of such communication has been "clearly proved. In this instance, beyond the undis-

* puted assertion that new lines create new traffic, little "or no direct evidence of any such want was brought forward." This is by no means strong enough. There is not a word as to the opposition to the scheme which was offered by the inhabitants of Edgware Road and its vicinity. The principle conceded is a most dangerous one, and will undoubtedly be taken advantage of by Sir EDWARD WATKIN and his supporters. Unless a very much more decided report appears on the next occasion that the scheme crops up, we shall unquestionably have a railway across the Parks. The people locally affected, both in Edgware Road and at Westminster, should occupy the respite granted them in organizing a vigorous opposition, and should leave no stone unturned to defeat the scheme. Sir EDWARD WATKIN is a very determined antagonist. His conduct in the matter of the Channel Tunnel shows that even Parliament cannot always restrain him; but forewarned is forearmed, and if the next application succeeds, it will be the fault, not of the present vacillating Report only, but also of those who should have showed a more decided face and made a more determined stand.

RUSSIA AT SARAKHS.

AS usually happens nowadays on the arrival of one of the Parliamentary vacations, the Government have gone away for their holidays, leaving as many as possible of the questions which they alone have, or ought to have, the means of answering unanswered. To do them justice, however, we must admit the probability that it is only in respect to a certain number of these inquiries that they are wilfully withholding information. There is not much doubt that they could have told the House of Commons a good deal more about the negotiations for the Conference, if they had chosen to do so. No one supposes that there is any lack of matter to be communicated, if there had been the will to communicate it, or that its disclosure could possibly have embarrassed or compromised any European Cabinet but our own. When Ministers declare that there is "no precedent" for laying this, that, or the other detail of the Anglo-French "colloquies" before Parliament, they do not mean much more than is meant by the judge who reminds us that there is no rule of English law which compels any man to criminate himself. Their reticence in such matters as these is well known to be deliberate enough; but it is not so with all the questions which are at present exciting public curiosity. The Ministerial reason for not informing us exactly of what is going on in Egypt is simply Dr. JOHNSON's reason for having misdefined one of the words in his Dictionary—"Ignorance, madam; pure ignorance." And it is almost as candidly confessed. Lord GRANVILLE and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE cannot tell us the precise truth about Russia and Sarakhs, because they really do not know it; and the second of these two Ministers cannot tell us, to a country, where the Russian flag is flying at this moment in these regions, on the same all-sufficient ground. For there are two Sarakhs, look you, on opposite sides of the same river—to wit, Old and New Sarakhs; and, while one of these Sarakhs is undoubtedly in Persian territory, the other, according to Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, may or may not be Persian. The position, consequently, of the English Foreign Office is this—that Russia has either certainly obtained a foothold in the territory of the SHAH, or has perhaps done so; and in that attitude, apparently, the mind of the UNDER-SECRETARY contentedly reposes, as there are some men who might be backed to sleep even on a bicycle. It would be too much, no doubt, to expect that the officials of our Foreign Office should endeavour to ascertain the precise facts of the matter by inquiry either at St. Petersburg or Teheran; but where, we would ask, is the Secretary of the Geographical Society? Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE has not hesitated on previous occasions, at the call of duty, to supplement the deficiencies of Whitehall maps by reference to this authority, and it is to be hoped that the unthinking mirth which his last appeal of this kind excited in a frivolous House of Commons has not deterred him from again resorting to the same instructor.

It would, at any rate, be advisable that he should employ the recess in filling the gap in the Foreign Office geography at so important a point as this. One of the old-fashioned "holiday tasks," upon what used to be called the "utrum" and "neene" formula, might with advantage be set to him during the coming week. In place of a dissertation on the theme "Did CÆSAR 'act rightly in crossing the Rubicon, or did he not?'"

Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE might be requested to bring back with him to the House of Commons next Thursday a more or less carefully prepared essay on the question whether Russia has or has not crossed the Perso-Afghan river-boundary, and established herself at a point from which she will be able, with indefinitely greater ease than before, to threaten India through Afghanistan? Is it or is it not the fact that she has grasped a position which, while it enables her to overawe and to control the action of Persia, at the same time renders her practically independent of the connivance of that Power in an Indian campaign? Is it, in short, or is it not the fact that the occupation of Sarakhs by Russia has wholly, or almost wholly, abolished the zone of territory which had hitherto separated the Trans-Caspian railway from the frontier of Afghanistan, and has given Russia a direct, an easily passable, and for the most part a well-supplied road from the Caspian to the Afghan frontier? These are cases of "utrum" and "neene" in which this country must be admitted to take something more than an academic interest; and we confess that we would rather hear Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE's elucidation of the facts than Mr. Cross's comments upon them before he knows, any more than we do, what they are. The UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA had nothing apparently to tell his Lancashire audience last Thursday as to the actual position of Russia. He was, however, himself in a position to assure them that there was nothing to be disturbed about; that between us and Russia "there was a considerable country, 'the country of Afghanistan'; that we were on 'terms of strict alliance with the AMEER of that country,' and had given him a promise of support against unprovoked attack (which of course is a complete safeguard against his being 'squared'); and that, this being so, the British public need not, any more than the holder of a promissory note signed 'WILKINS MICAWBER,' be under any apprehension whatever. Such grindings of the official tune, however, absolutely unvaried as is their form—for Mr. Cross is far too unimaginative as well as too conscientious a performer to attempt improvisation on the barrel-organ—have become a weariness to the ear. One may be pardoned not only for not criticizing, but for not even listening to, them. Their first note, in fact, is enough. We know what to expect when an official apologist begins by saying that "There surely is room enough in Asia for both Russia and England." So there surely is in the House of Commons for both the Opposition and the Government. If both parties would only be equally content with their present position, there is nothing whatever in the laws of space and extension which would make it necessary for one of them to endeavour to displace the other.

Mr. Cross, however, is only like most other of our prophets of smooth things in these days. It is one of the most ominous signs of the situation that these fair-spoken counsellors are being driven more and more into exclusive reliance upon generalities, and show a growing reluctance to grapple with facts. The veiled pundit, for instance, who undertakes to instruct us on "England's Foreign Policy" in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review* displays a truly astonishing dexterity in discussing the concrete in exclusive terms of the abstract. In its extraordinarily skilful avoidance of almost every fact, phrase, and even word which it would have been thought impossible for the writer to exclude from his remarks, his article almost resembles one of those feats of composition for which "Society journals" offer a prize. As an exercise of ingenuity it is interesting; but any one who can extract from it a single sentence of definite, helpful counsel will be more fortunate than ourselves. An adviser who recommends us as the two cardinal objects of our policy to "disarm the hostility of Russia" and to arrive at "an amicable understanding with France," and who contrives in doing so to avoid the use of the words "Merv," "Sarakhs," and even "Afghanistan," in the one case, and of the words "Dual Control," or their equivalents, in the other, might carry off the guinea prize in many a weekly competition. Considering, however, that the first step towards disarming the hostility of Russia must surely be to ascertain whether the point of her weapon is or is not at our breasts already: considering that the "amicable understanding" with France must at least await the settlement of our renewed and more obstinate struggle for supremacy in Egypt; and considering that upon both these points "G" has not a word to say, it must be admitted that, whatever his prowess as a "solver," as a counsellor he leaves much to be desired.

BASEBALL.

SO far as outdoor sports are concerned, the true American has very little heart for anything but baseball. In the cold weather, when the game cannot be played, he turns his attention, in a limited degree, to football; but even in this, as Mr. Hamerton might put it, he preserves the baseball frame of mind. There are a few Americans who play cricket, but they are not numerous enough to deserve more than a passing mention, for investigation always discloses the fact that most of them were born in England. Rowing is deservedly popular, but attracts much less attention; and in the colleges many of the boating men also handle the baseball. Yachting has great favour among the wealthier classes; but the most devoted yachtsman of them all admires the national game, often goes to see it, and not infrequently is a good player himself. Every one who has any taste for outdoor sports loves the national game, and the visitor to America in the summer time would certainly be led to paraphrase Addison, and exclaim, "Good heavens! even the little children here play baseball!" The enormous popularity of this pastime can hardly be comprehended here. A final game between the Boston and Chicago clubs for the League championship, or the deciding contest of the College championship series, usually a desperate struggle between Princeton and Yale, is sure to draw out twenty thousand enthusiastic spectators, every one of whom can appreciate all the delicate points of play in this intricate game. It is to-day the only field sport which can draw so large an audience without the aid of betting and pool-selling.

It must be admitted that the game of baseball is not easy to learn. The American boy grows up with it, and it becomes a part of his existence. But the American girl, who likes to see the hard hitting, the running, and the fielding, spends many a long day under her escort's kind tuition before she begins to comprehend the spirit of the game. The Englishman has naturally even a worse chance of learning the game, yet, with his innate love for all that is muscular and manly, he wants to know what it is. If he visits America and does not like to betray ignorance, he always pretends to know something about the sport, and usually ends by proclaiming his belief that it is nothing more or less than the good old game of rounders. The truth is that, while it sprang from rounders, it has in the past twenty-five years developed into a great deal more—and less. Every year since professional ball-playing came into vogue in America the rules have been elaborated. Each season's experience has shown weak spots in the permissible methods of play, and these have been strengthened by new rules. Now the League-book contains seventy-two rules, some of which are subdivided into as many as fourteen sections. The rules are divided into eight classes, covering the materials of the game—field rules (treating of betting, selling of liquors, &c.), the players and their positions, definitions ("high ball," "low ball," "fair ball," &c.), the game, umpires, scoring, and construction and amendments.

Let us see, then, what this game is and how it is played. A good ground can be laid out on a piece of well-trimmed turf, 400 feet long by 300 broad, though the American grounds are much larger in order to admit spectators. Ninety feet out from the fence is the home base. Directly in front of this, 127 feet distant, is the second base. First base is 90 feet distant diagonally to the right, and third base in a similar position to the left. The four bases are placed so as to form a perfect diamond, first and third bases being the same distance apart as home and second. It is 90 feet from home to first, from first to second, second to third, and third to home. A line is distinctly marked with lime between each two bases, and along this line the player goes when making a run. Directly in front of the home base, 50 feet distant, is the pitcher's position, 4 feet wide by 6 feet long. It is marked out with lime, and the pitcher may stand anywhere within the lines when delivering the ball. The home base consists of a marble or iron plate, sunk to a level with the surface of the ground, and securely fastened. The other three bases are canvas bags, 15 inches square, filled with sand or sawdust, and fastened by straps to short stakes firmly driven into the earth. Positions for the batsmen are marked out on either side of the home base, for the accommodation of right- or left-handed strikers. They are 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 1 foot away from the base. The field should be in the same condition as for cricket.

Nine men on each side are required to play the game. They are assigned to the following positions—pitcher, catcher, first, second, and third basemen, short stop, left, centre, and right fielders. The catcher plays behind the home base, and returns the ball to the pitcher after the latter has delivered it. The pitcher's position has been defined. His duty is to deliver the ball for the batsmen to strike at, and, just as in cricket, his object is to deceive the striker as much as possible and make him strike at dangerous balls instead of easy ones. The first baseman covers his base and a portion of the field adjoining. The second baseman, in addition to his base, has to cover most of the in-field between first and second. The in-field, be it understood, is that portion inclosed within the lines running from one base to another. It is also called the diamond. Third baseman covers his base and a small portion of the in-field. The short-stop covers most of the field between second and third. This extra man in the in-field becomes necessary because, from the position of the batsmen, players hit the majority of the balls to that side of the field. Three fielders cover the out-field, or all that portion beyond the diamond. The left fielder plays behind the short-stop, at a considerable distance,

the centre fielder behind the second baseman, and the right fielder nearly behind first base. We are now ready for the game, except—two very important things—the ball and the bat. The ball is made of yarn wrapped around a small sphere of solid rubber, the whole covered with white leather. The bat is made of ash or willow, round and diminishing in thickness from the outer end to the handle. The rules declare that the ball must weigh not more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, nor less than 5, and must be not more than 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference, nor less than 9. The bat must not be longer than 42 inches, nor more than 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter at its thickest part.

The game of baseball is played in nine innings, and of course the victory goes to the side making the most runs. A run is a complete circuit of the bases, from home to first, thence to second, thence to third, and back home. The runner need not run further than from one base to the next at a time, though he may go all the way round if he can. The striker is allowed to make three strikes at the ball, only being required to strike at good balls. A bad ball is called a "ball," and counts against the pitcher, seven of them delivered to one batsman entitling that man to take first base. If the batsman does not strike at a good ball, the umpire calls a strike against him just as if he had struck at it. When three strikes have been made, the player must run to first base. If, however, the catcher holds the ball struck at the third time on the fly or the first bound, the striker is out. If the catcher does not hold the ball, he must throw it to the first base-man. If that player catches and holds it, while touching his base with any part of his person, before the striker reaches the base, the striker is out. All these possibilities occur when the ball has not been hit. If it is hit, it becomes at once either a fair or a foul ball. A fair ball, not to enter into the delicacies of the rules, is one which is driven forward inside the lines leading to first and third bases. Flags, called foul flags, are placed well out in the field on the continuation of these lines beyond the bases, so that in case of a long hit the umpire can at once tell whether the ball is fair or foul. A foul ball, naturally, is one which goes outside or behind the lines mentioned. The striker may not run on a foul ball. The only kind of hit that counts in baseball is a forward drive, though the ball may be cut slightly to one side without going behind the foul lines. Though the striker may not run on a foul, he may be put out by its being caught on the fly. If he hits a fair ball, he must at once run to first. If the ball is hit sharply along the ground, it is nearly always stopped by one of the in-fielders, who at once throws it to first base, just as the catcher does in the case of a third stroke. If the striker fails to reach first base before the baseman has the ball, he is out, as before described. If successful in reaching the base, he must run to second at the first chance, and so on round till he reaches home again. He may be put out after once reaching first base by being touched with the ball when not having his foot on some one of the bases. A fair ball caught on the fly, of course, puts the striker out, and no person who may be going round the bases at the time may run on a fly catch. Neither may any player on a base run on a foul ball. Long high hits are usually caught by the out-fielders. The safest kind of hits in baseball are hard low hits, which go over the heads of the in-fielders and fall short of the fielders. As soon as one striker has gone to first base, the next one steps up to his position. Three men on each side must be put out to close the innings. Twenty-seven men are put out in a nine-innings game. If at the end of nine innings the scores of the two sides are even, they must play on till one side or the other gets a lead, which finishes the game.

It will be easily comprehended that the better the play in this game, the fewer are the runs. With thoroughly effective pitching, catching, and fielding, it is rarely that many runs are made. The scores of some well-played games in the season of 1882, the brightest in baseball annals, show the average:

October 7, Chicago v. Cincinnati	2 to 0
April 10, Detroit v. Eclipse	4 to 3
April 17, Cleveland v. Cincinnati (11 innings) ..	7 to 4
May 10, Yale v. Brown	4 to 2
June 24, Princeton v. Yale	8 to 7

The model game of ball, so far as runs are concerned, would be won by a score of 1 to 0. In one of the games of 1883 this score was made in a game of 15 innings.

This gives, we believe, in the briefest possible space, an outline of the pastime. We have purposely avoided touching upon any of the finer points, as they would only serve to confuse the reader. There is a small army of rules covering the pitching, which any old cricket-player can at once see is the chief point in the game. Most of these relate to the delivery of the ball, though this year much greater latitude is to be allowed, so that a man may throw a ball in pretty nearly any way he likes. If the pitcher makes a movement as if to deliver the ball and does not do so, a "foul ball" is called by the umpire, and all runners on bases are entitled to advance one base without being put out. Three "foul balls" forfeit a game. The pitcher in a game of baseball must be a man of nerve and intelligence. He must use his head, just as a good bowler does, studying the peculiarities of each striker, and endeavouring by varying the methods of his delivery to deceive the batsman, and make him strike at poor balls. At the same time he must watch any runners who may have reached or passed first base, and endeavour to avoid giving them any opportunity to make a base. Again, he is directly in front of the batsman and close to him, so that he frequently has to face balls hit straight at him with force enough to send them to the other end of the field.

Coolness, pluck, and never-failing presence of mind are the requisites of every good ball-player, but of the pitcher most of all. Good pitchers can deliver a ball with great speed or very slowly with apparently the same movement of the arm. They have learned a twist which causes the ball to take a laterally curved course likely to deceive all batsmen of small experience. They can send a ball from a low point of delivery so that it will rise, or from a high point so that it will fall, without diminishing its speed. By a judicious alternation of these different tricks, they render it difficult for a batsman to make a good hit. Next to the pitcher in importance comes the catcher. The difficulty of his work consists in this:—when the striker has made two strikes, or when he has reached first base, the catcher must stand up close behind the batsman, and catch the balls on the fly. In the case of a third strike good players never risk taking it on the bound, for a great twist or an uneven bit of ground may cause it to bound out of his reach, and thus give the striker his first base. After a man has reached first base, the catcher must "play up," as it is called, in order to return the ball quickly to the pitcher with a view to prevent the runner from making a base while the ball is going from pitcher to catcher and back again. The catcher must have hard hands—for gloves afford small protection—a quick eye, and must be a sure and swift thrower. The basemen and short stop must all be good hands at stopping swift grounders, and catching sharp line hits, high short flies, and swiftly thrown balls, and must all be good throwers. The fielders must be sure catchers of long-fly balls, either running or standing, and powerful throwers. The fielding in a game of baseball would probably impress an Englishman unacquainted with the game more than anything else. The most swiftly hit ball, if it goes anywhere within the reach of an American in-fielder, is almost certain to be stopped. It will then be thrown to the proper base with such speed and accuracy that it will describe an absolutely straight line as it passes through the air. To see a catcher throw accurately to second base, fully 135 feet from where he stands, is a very pretty sight; and a catcher who cannot do this is sure to be out of employment very quickly. The third baseman has the greatest number of long throws to make in a game, and must be a good general player. To watch a good game of baseball is to see a good exhibition of strength, activity, nerve, and decision. There are so many combinations of circumstances in the game which require sudden and radical changes in the methods of play that it is no exaggeration to say that a ball-player must have wits in every part of his body. Even to one who knows little about it, the game is a pretty sight. The closely-cropped green turf, marked over with the white lines, the pretty silk foul flags waving on each side, the picturesque costumes, the bustle of intelligently directed activity that follows every hit, and the enthusiasm of the assemblage of spectators combine to form a really stirring picture. The usual costume for the game consists of a flannel shirt, with a shield on the breast bearing the name of the club, or its initial letter, flannel knee-breeches, woven hose, cricketing shoes, and a flannel cap or hat. Each club has its own uniform. The chief mark of distinction is the stockings, every club having its own colour or pattern. This was carried to such an extent at one time that the various clubs were known by the colour of their hose, the Boston men being called the "Red Stockings," the Chicago club the "White Stockings," and other clubs the "Blue Stockings," "Brown Stockings," and so on through a whole artist's catalogue.

The extent of professional baseball-playing in the United States is great. Every prominent city has its club, and some have two. There are, in round numbers, four hundred men who earn their living by this popular game. They are well paid, moreover. A good pitcher gets 600*l.* per year. Catchers, base-men, and short-stops receive from 400*l.* up. Fielders earn from 240*l.* to 400*l.* There are three important associations of professional baseball clubs known as the National League, the American Association, and the North-Western League. The leading clubs of the National are the Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, and Providence; of the American—the Alleghany, Athletics, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Metropolitan (of New York); of the North-Western—the Bay City, Fort Wayne, Grand Rapids, Quincy, and Springfield. These associations control all matters relating to the eligibility of players, the contests for the championship, and the rules of the game. Each organization has its own set of rules, which are amended according to necessity during the winter. Each has its regular championship series of games for handsome trophies, which are held by the winning club until the following season, when they are again contested for. The season begins on April 1, and terminates on October 31. The men are then put under the care of a trainer, and kept at gymnasium work and outdoor athletic training all winter. Club-swinging and throwing at a mark are important parts of their exercise. Full records of their work at the bat and in the field are kept throughout the season, and at its close averages are struck which have an important bearing on the player's salary for the next season. A club very seldom succeeds in keeping the same nine men together for more than one season, as bidding for good players is spirited. Improper conduct of any kind renders a player liable to expulsion from the League. If expelled, no club in the League may again employ him. The skill which is attained by the American professional baseball player is little short of marvellous. Some of them have been in the business for more than twenty years, and at more than forty years of age are

still agile as cats—a fact which speaks much for the physical value of their training.

Amateur baseball clubs are practically innumerable in the United States. Every village of 3,000 inhabitants has at least one, and frequently two. The skill of the amateur players ranges all the way from the worst that is possible up to a level almost, if not quite, equal to that of the professionals. Every little boy who has a spark of animation in him begins to play at the game as soon as he can hold a ball in his hands; and it is no uncommon thing to see the game very respectably played by boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age. The city of Brooklyn has the largest number of amateur clubs. This is owing to the fact that the city provides them with a magnificent ground—a perfectly level, smooth, and close-cropped piece of turf, half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, known as Prospect Park Playgrounds. Here on a Saturday afternoon in summer a dozen baseball matches and half a dozen cricket matches can be seen in progress at once.

The best amateur clubs in the country are the College organizations. Yale University has had the finest nine for several years, with Princeton a close and exceedingly troublesome second. There is a League of college clubs known as the American College Baseball Association. Its members are Amherst, Brown, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. A regular series of matches for the College championship is played every year, and each game is attended by an enormous audience. The final game is nearly always between Princeton and Yale on the Polo Grounds at New York, and is always witnessed by from 20,000 to 25,000 people. The College coaches, gaily decked with colours and provided with strong-lunged guards, add colour and noise to the scene. The College clubs play often against the professionals, and always make a good struggle; and it is not unusual for the College team to win such a match.

"THE STAKE IS TOO GREAT, SIR."

WHEN we are appointed to that Chair of Moral Philosophy we shall take as a thesis for our first lecture the position "that the virtues called gratitude and philanthropy are possessed in perfection only by the people called cynics." Among the amiable and virtuous of this world examples of ingratitude and dislike of their species are but too frequent. Even Mr. Gladstone, the best of men, used sometimes to speak of the late Lord Beaconsfield as if he did not altogether like him, and Mr. Bright (who, to adopt the phraseology of Southey's glover, is almost better than the best of men) sometimes speaks with less than warmth, at least affectionate warmth, of Tories. Dr. Parker, another pattern good man, does not like bishops, and, in short, we might go on *ad tedium*. Now the cynic likes everybody who is ridiculous—that is to say, almost everybody who is human—and does not dislike those who are not. When he puts his hand in the pie of human folly, and, as he can rarely fail to do, draws out a plum, he does not say, like that pharisaical Jack, "What a good boy am I!" he says, "What a nice plum this is!" and "How kind of it is to be so nice!" He can never be unhappy till the supply of fools runs short, and if he is of the right breed he can never be cross with his fool. The fools pass and other fools succeed, but they are green (very green) in the grateful memory of the true humourist who has once enjoyed them.

The first comers in the lucky bag of the present week are Mr. Auberon Herbert, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. J. B. Firth, and, above all, Mr. Walter J. Stanton, a member of Parliament of no very widespread fame, who has written an immortal letter to the *Daily News*, and furnished a title to this article. Of Mr. Auberon Herbert we shall not say much. It would appear that he is in the stage of convalescence from the political malady that has long weighed on him, and it is always well to be tender to convalescents. His affectionate wrestlings with the Bradford Caucus and the defenders of the Bradford Caucus are, indeed, sufficiently comic; and the genuine surprise with which he discovers that New Radical is only Old Tory writ large in all the worst senses of Old Toryism, and not in any of the good ones, has a certain simplicity about it which is mighty refreshing. Why it should have taken Mr. Herbert so long to find out what many people doubtless not Mr. Herbert's superiors in natural abilities have known all along, and why Mr. Herbert should take the trouble to read parables not destitute of some literary elegance to the crass stupidity and the more crass dishonesty of Caucusdom, are indeed curious problems. But Mr. Herbert has always been conspicuous for a certain childlike habit of taking things very seriously, and it is just possible that he takes Caucus-mongers for honest men—a noble and memorable exaggeration of the most chivalrous and wildest delusions of Don Quixote. Mr. Herbert, however, is chiefly interesting to us, in so much as he has begotten (spiritually speaking) Mr. Stanton, and thereby given us the title and the staple of our article. Neither with Mr. Firth do we purpose to deal longer than a Chicago pigman deals with a Chicago pig. The simple mention of the simple fact that Mr. Firth has been writing to all the papers threatening to make the opponents of the London Government Bill pay the expenses of their opposition *in propria persona* when the Firthian Municipality reigns, and that Mr. Firth evidently thinks this sort of thing likely to advance his cause, is quite sufficient. A certain bear story is something musty, but the heroes of that story did not endeavour to induce the bear to come down by threatening him with the elaborately painful manner in which they were going to skin him. Nor, to change

the order of thought, is Mr. Firth's very astute colleague likely to approve the forecast which Mr. Firth has here given of the methods of procedure of the new Municipality. But that is quite enough for Mr. Firth, who is evidently not acquainted with the history of Rehoboam.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone may detain Democritus a little longer. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has been talking about the House of Lords, and praying that "the fiery cross of agitation" may, in certain events, go forth against that wicked House. Mr. Herbert Gladstone's particular utterances were of no importance; they seldom are of any. But that very fact makes it very pleasant for the humourist to lean back in his chair and contemplate Mr. Herbert Gladstone attacking the House of Lords. The head and front of that House's offending in the view of Mr. Herbert Gladstone and his fellows is that its members enjoy their position and influence as sons of their fathers, and as nothing else. It is not true of the House of Lords, as it happens, but it is very remarkably true of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. If Mr. Herbert Gladstone were not his father's son, he might be an assistant-master at a public school, or a clerk in the City, or a curate, or a barrister with no very vivid prospects of briefs. Being his father's son, he is a member of Parliament; he has his speeches reported at considerable length, and he has repeated opportunities of showing how absolutely destitute of talent he is. His modest assurance and his perfect readiness to hear himself speak distinguish him, no doubt, from the herd of merely sheepish young persons. But his other distinctions come solely from the fact that he is his father's son. Which things being so, Mr. Herbert Gladstone is shocked that we have a House of Lords. It is painful to find this obvious obliquity of vision in one so young.

The minor butterflies duly fixed on their cork and admired, we come to Mr. Walter J. Stanton, a kind of Purple Emperor, who cannot be handled too lovingly or admired too much. Mr. Stanton finds fault with Mr. Herbert for finding fault with the Bradford Caucus, and delivers his thoughts on the subject. Now the great charm of Mr. Stanton is his complete ingenuousness. There is no need, there is no excuse, for attributing motives to him. He is not like the journalists who fall foul of other journalists for objecting to tricks with the marriage law because they have themselves taken up with a deceased wife's sister; like the dramatists who pick holes in Shakespeare because Mr. Irving fills the Lyceum better than their managers can fill other theatres with their plays; like the other dramatists who forget to inform the *Pall Mall Gazette*, among details of *facture*, as to the shop at which they buy their copies of Scribe and Labiche and Dennery; like the black-balled candidates for clubs who betray the secrets of the ballot-box by perpetually sneering at those clubs in print. Mr. Stanton is downright Dunstable, or shall we say straightforward Stroud? It appears to Mr. Stanton that "an independent representative is an anomaly." Other people may hold their backs and heads up, but Mr. Stanton is "a' for booin'." The Caucus, the genesis and constitution of which are pretty well known, is to Mr. Stanton "the accepted indicator of the views of the constituencies." But Mr. Stanton is not yet at his climax. "What would Mr. Herbert have?" he says; "Lord Salisbury, with an unknown policy on all vital questions?" "The stake, sir, is too great." And having made this delightful, this pyramidal confession that his view of his duty depends on the amount of the stake, Mr. Stanton observes sagely that "on Votes of Censure members of Parliament must take deep counsel with their consciences." He has already taken deep counsel with his, and its answer is "The stake, sir, is too great."

Now let us grant at once that Mr. Stanton has here made (or perhaps announced, for it has often been made privately before) one of the greatest moral discoveries of this or any age. "What is the criterion?" Our pastors and masters used to drone into our ears—"What is the test of conduct?" "How are we to know what we ought to do, and what we ought not?" How many million reams of paper have been blackened, how many lungfuls of breath have been drawn and emptied, how many heads and hearts have ached in deliberation over such questions? At last the master-bowman, Mr. Stanton, of Stroud, has cloven the mark. Look, says Mr. Stanton, at the stake. Have you only been able to lay a few hundreds against your horse? By no manner of means give directions to pull him. Have you been successful in standing to win some thousands, a good many thousands? Who, if a sensible man, would then dream of not giving suitable directions to the intelligent jockey? "The stake, sir, is too great." It is impossible to conceive greater sternness than that with which (except in the case of players of very small fortune) a censor on Mr. Stanton's principles would deprecate intentional revoking at sixpenny points. "The stake, sir, is not great enough." But with pities up, and the long odds both sides, in what Mr. Justice Hawkins delicately calls "the other animal," and plenty of casual bets scattered about and nobody looking over your hand, what fool would refuse to make the winning trick when he knew that his opponents would throw down their cards and all chance of detection be lost? "The stake, sir, is too great." You must take deep counsel with your conscience and ask it whether, on the whole, it is not better that good men like you and your partner, who will make the best possible use of it, should have all these monies rather than bad men with an unknown policy on all vital questions. And if your conscience is a healthy one, it will not, according to Mr. Stanton, have any difficulty in the matter. "The stake, sir, is too great." It is quite unnecessary to point

out what a thoroughly comfortable doctrine this is. In the witness-box especially it makes all the rough places smooth, all the nasty little casuistical points that bother men invisible. Is the stake big enough or not big enough to warrant your swearing what you know not to be truth; giving as your opinion what you know is not your opinion? In some cases an exact parallel to Mr. Stanton's case appears between Carey Street and the Strand. A friend, one of the best of men, is charged with misconduct to a client or mismanagement of a patient. Your evidence is called for as to the propriety of the treatment. If you say what you think, misfortune will happen to the good fellow your friend, and profit will probably accrue to some ruffian of a rival whom you hate. "The stake, sir, is too great." You swear that in your opinion Smith's treatment has been all that it ought to be, when in your heart you not only think, but know, that Smith has bungled the case as a hospital dresser ought to have been ashamed to bungle it. The Rev. Mr. Stanton, S.J., assures you that you have done quite right. "The stake was far too great, sir," and it was out of the question to do harm to an excellent fellow, and perhaps do good to a pestilent rascal.

If Mr. Stanton thinks these applications rather ugly, if he would not (as no doubt he would not) run foul because "the stake is too great, sir," pop a harmless heart on a suit of clubs, of which he has plenty, to secure the long odds in "monkeys," or perjure himself in the witness-box to benefit friend and keep a foe from benefit, what does he mean by his "Stake is too great, sir?" Mr. Forster was asked to vote that the Government had acted in a certain way; he refused; he is censured; Mr. Herbert protests against the censure, and Mr. Stanton protests against Mr. Herbert, not because Mr. Forster did not really follow his conscience, but because the stake being so great, the conscience ought to have held its tongue.

SIR BARTLE FRERE.

MR. THACKERAY once published something like a defence of what probably appeared to his fine taste the pomposity of having used the classic name of Proconsul to describe the great officers who have built up and ruled our Indian Empire. The indiscriminate use of Greek and Roman titles out of their proper places is almost uniformly a foolish pedantry; but in this case the exception to a good rule was fully justified. To find a parallel for the men who created our Indian Empire we must go back to the soldiers and statesmen who conquered the ancient world. The type, too, has been peculiarly English since the time of Dupleix and La Bourdonnais. In the space of less than a century and a half, the list of Englishmen and Scotchmen who have shown the highest qualities of statesmanship in the direction of the Indian government has grown so long and so illustrious that all Europe could not show another to match it. Sir Bartle Frere, although in his later years he was associated with other and less worthy scenes, will probably be best remembered because he won a high place on that roll of honour. He did not reach the highest rank. He will not stand by the side of Cornwallis and the Lawrences, but a man may do much less than they and yet do great things.

The career of Sir Bartle Frere had in it two heroic moments, but in its details there is so much that is common to all distinguished Indian officials that they can have little special interest unless told by a competent biographer. The history of nearly all of them has to begin by saying that they were born gentlemen of a good stock, that they entered the service of the East India Company young, and rose through subordinate ranks to govern kingdoms, and, finally, that in the hour of trial they showed the cautious daring, that sagacity which sacrifices or risks the less for the sake of the greater, which is the highest quality of a statesman. Sir Bartle Frere's trial was met in Scind in the midst of the great crisis of the Indian Mutiny. What he did as an administrator can only be justly estimated by the few who have a full knowledge of the conditions amidst which he worked; but all the world can appreciate the wise courage of his general policy. He saw, as John Lawrence and his fellow-Commissioners in the Punjab saw, that the fate of India was being decided at Delhi. With the courageous sagacity of a man who could look to the interest of the whole, he risked our possession of Scind to feed the army in Central India. He saw that, as long as we were not defeated there, the outlying provinces would remain quiet, or, if they revolted, could easily be crushed provided our army was victorious in the heart of the struggle. Truths of this kind are easy to see after the event, and even at the time are obvious to men far away from the scene of danger. To see them and act on them at the time and on the spot at the risk of failure and death is a proof of rare courage and insight. That so many men were found to do the bravest and wisest thing in the crisis of the Mutiny is one proof among many of the admirable training in the arts of government given by service in India.

The last part of Sir Bartle Frere's public career has somewhat overshadowed the earlier. He has been chiefly thought of lately as the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope who hurried on the Zulu War. Apart from the fact that these years lie nearer us, it is only natural that this should be so. In Africa he stood by himself; his policy was the subject of a controversy which is not yet quite ended, and part, if not the beginning, of a series of events still in progress. His position was in many ways exceptional. He

was probably the last of our Colonial governors who were able to act free from the telegraph and the slavery it imposes—free from the hesitations and timidity of Ministers who are necessarily compelled to think first of domestic politics, of their popularity, and of what the Opposition can say on the stump. In South Africa he found a struggling colony menaced by a barbarous and well-armed native Power. With the instincts of a ruler trained in the school of India he met the danger half way. It was inevitable that he should have brought a high sense of the benefits conferred by English rule on savages from the scene of his own early services, and he acted accordingly. An almost accidental military disaster checked the development of his policy; but, in view of the present condition of Zululand, only those who think fine phrases more sacred than human life will be inclined to deny that it was essentially wise and humane. The great mistake Sir Bartle Frere made in choosing to do as Lord Dalhousie would have done under the circumstances was his omission to calculate on the chance that his work would be undone by his masters in England. At this moment Zululand, which would have been at peace under English supervision if his plans had been resolutely carried out, is in a miserable welter of anarchy and bloodshed, and the English Government is at last, and when it is wellnigh too late, being forced to do what he long ago pointed out was inevitable. The latter end of his administration coincided with the beginning of a new colonial policy which consists in yielding to the strong, betraying the weak, and deserting the representatives of England when they are thrust into difficulties by orders from home. The creators of this new method began by trying to worry Sir Bartle Frere into a resignation by a course of petty persecution. He refused to confess himself in the wrong; and at last, after the tergiversation and logic-chopping which form an essential part of Mr. Gladstone's measures of administration, he was dismissed. His government of South Africa was, if judged by the results, a failure; but so would his administration of Scind have been if he had worked under the same conditions. It would have been impossible for him, or even for Lord Dalhousie, to carry out a consistent policy under continual interference from Ministers in England who were always terrified by the last danger, and who could not see the end because of the details. The lives of Sir Bartle Frere, and all the men of his generation in India, should be well written, and carefully read, for they did not work under those conditions, but in the old state of things, when our method was to pick out an officer who had given proof of ability, and set him to deal with a difficulty free-handed, on the understanding that he was to be supported.

DRESS AND SANITATION.

THE important subject of dress and its relation to health and its mutations, fashionable and statutory, are adequately illustrated at the Health Exhibition. The collection of wax figures arrayed in complete historical costumes, prepared from drawings by Mr. Lewis Wingfield, is as successful in its way as the reproduction of Old London, and not inferior in suggestion. Viewed in connexion with the show of modern dress and the designs of the various reform associations, it cannot but awaken curious reflection. Few can affect to regard the exhibition with absolute indifference save, perhaps, those who possess a primeval sense of the discomfort of all garments, who are philosophically tolerant of all fashions and representative of none. To most people the subject as presented at South Kensington must prove of the most absorbing interest, and is calculated to revive one aspect at least of the pregnant question, the proposition of which by the Academy of Dijon first aroused the dormant genius of Rousseau. The conclusions deducible from a dispassionate survey are, that either the popular theory is baseless that regards the application of sanitary science to dress as peculiarly modern, or that there is some occult connexion between the artistic and scientific ideal, the perfect sanitary idea and the beautiful. It is inconceivable otherwise how, in ages that are usually termed barbarous, the perfect union of these desiderata in dress should have been so nearly effected. Some of the mediæval costumes in the collection strikingly exemplify this truth. The twelfth century, as Mr. E. W. Godwin has elsewhere practically illustrated, was distinguished by the beauty and refinement of its dress, and it was not until civilization progressed and science invaded the domain of art that the acme of stupidity and ugliness was attained. From the East our Early English costumes derived their beauty of form, and Greek influence, doubtless modified and debased, permeated the Orient. While Mr. Wingfield's designs are interesting as showing the origin of certain domestic garments, such as the smock-frock, they are even more interesting as evincing the general decadence of taste since the Crusades. At the present time fashions are more multiform and more hybridized, less distinct and individual, than ever. The improver and the reformer, they are the enemy. What the former is capable of was seen in that singular perversion of the most perfect form of dress ever devised which Miss Mary Anderson displayed as Galatea, and which a glance at the Parthenon sculptures serves to correct; the efforts of the latter are signally illustrated in the present exhibition.

It is perhaps hopeless to expect unprejudiced views of the question from the majority concerned. Certainly the casual exclamations overheard in the crowd of sightseers are not encouraging. The expressions of complacency that we are not, in the matter of dress, as were our ancestors, are almost universal. Contempt and

horror and surprise are mingled with gentle respirations of satisfaction, which are too evidently genuine not to savour of unconscious humour. The prevalent scorn is not confined to the ladies, for the men will refer disdainfully to the white ducks and blue coat of the Regency dandy as a proof of our continual progression towards the beautiful. In mere justice to the Georgian buck it should be noted that the straps of his white nankeen trousers should be buckled, his yellow silk gloves should fit, his neck-cloth should be readjusted, and his coat set off on a good figure; yet, even if these defects were remedied, it is doubtful if many would recognize the obvious comfort and elegance of the dress. Leaving for awhile the historical effigies, and turning to the show-cases of the Rational Dress Society, we may all feel our hearts warm towards the Georgian exquisite, even the prodigious Macaroni, while we may positively adore the stately figure of Mrs. Pritchard and the spheric harmony of her hoops. The so-called "American lady's mountain dress" is a favourite example of scientific zeal, amazingly ugly and epine. It is true that this appalling costume is stated to have been worn by that enterprising traveller and vivacious writer, Miss Bird; but it is obvious that even so rational a dress may be inconspicuous when relieved by the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains or considerably mitigated in effect by the eccentricities of Salt Lake City. Whether any lady, thus habited, may snatch therefrom a genuine but fearful joy is known only to those who love the ways untried by man, like the American ladies who not long since traversed the Virginian mountains, a rational society. Another astonishing production, also rational, is an evening dress that purports to be an adaptation of "the Eastern trouser," and is indeed most expressively singular. It very successfully illustrates the dangers of compromise, and transforms the *dégradé* grace of the costume which bewitched Lady Hester Stanhope into a grotesque hybrid. "A fancy mountaineering dress" is an alliance between a tight Zouave jacket and a very modern skirt, with rational adjuncts, the skirt apparently designed to make mountaineering impossible. Of the divided skirt the naturalistic poet will perhaps some day sing with unstinted praise; at the Health Exhibition it is unlikely to awaken either rapture or conviction.

From the creations of reason and reform it is a far cry to the era of the Plantagenets and their immediate successors; yet the transition to those dark ages is not unpleasing and is richly suggestive. Here among Mr. Wingfield's designs we have a reproduction, from a drawing in the Aschaffenbergs Library, of the time of Henry I., a costume, not sumptuous certainly nor elaborate, but unaffectedly charming. Still more beautiful is one copied from a window in Fribourg Cathedral of Edward I.'s reign; while even the Norman dress from the Cotton MSS., illustrating the fashion during the Conquest, is thoroughly agreeable. Absolute quaintness, sincere and undebased by eccentricity, appears in the present collection to have departed from our national dress early in the Tudor period, though several examples of good taste and felicitous harmony are exhibited later, particularly in the portraits. These latter are, of course, of the highest historical interest, and some are admirably reproduced, particularly those from originals in the Garrick Club. The Mrs. Pritchard, in *The Suspicious Husband*, the Hogarth, the Commonwealth figures, after etchings by Hollar, the Lady Chesterfield and the Earl of Bristol, after Van Dyck, and the imposing Lady Bacon, in all the glory of the Elizabethan costume, are all remarkable for finish and excellent realism. It is curious, by the way, to note that the origin of the elevation in the shoulders of ladies' dresses which M. Worth is credited with initiating is distinctly observable in the Georgian dandy. Several other costumes are notably harmonious in colour and charming in design, such as the lady after Holbein, with a dress of dull purple and grey trimmed with grey fur, the Queen Anne costume of purple figured chintz or dimity, and cap and ribbons corresponding, the Georgian lady's dress, with sack and coal-scuttle bonnet, and the pretty rural dress of George II.'s time. The collection is worthy of prolonged investigation; but the aims of the promoters of the Exhibition are not likely to be realized if those interested survey it in a perfunctory manner or regard it as of mere archaic value; seriously studied, in connexion with the efforts of reformers and the precepts of Paris, it may tend to avert a revolution. *Simplex munditus* should be the motto of the true friend of dress reform, and the phrase comprehends all sanitation.

PROPOSED NEW CREATION OF CARDINALS.

IT is always difficult to gauge the exact value of the current gossip in Rome on ecclesiastical affairs which "our own Correspondent" believes, or affects to believe, worth the attention of his readers. Death has indeed been busy in the Sacred College during the six years of the reign of the present pontiff. When the *Catholic Directory* for 1884 made its appearance twenty-seven Cardinals were recorded to have died since the accession of Leo XIII.; four more have since passed away, and there are now fifteen vacancies, a larger number according to the *Times Correspondent* than at any period since 1877, the last year of Pius IX. But three years before that, in 1874, there were twenty-eight vacant places, and the promotions under that régime were almost entirely of Italians, and of course always of persons supposed to be in the interests of the extreme ultramontane party then in the

ascendent at Rome. The result proved, as in the case of the nominations of the previous pontificate, how little possible it is for a Pope to exercise even any indirect influence over the election of his successor. Gregory XVI. was a Conservative ecclesiastic of the straitest type with less than no sympathy for any phase of Liberalism in religion or politics. He had been induced under strong pressure to raise Mastai Ferretti—then reputed an advanced Liberal by friend and foe alike—to the purple, but he had done so with undisguised reluctance, and was said to have predicted that, if the new Cardinal should ever become Pope, he would destroy the temporal power, and terribly compromise the spiritual welfare of the Church. Certainly Pius IX. was the last man his predecessor, had he had any voice in the matter, would have desired to see invested with the triple tiara; nevertheless, through a curious series of accidents it would take too long to recount afresh here, he was almost immediately elected by a Conclave chiefly composed of the "creatures" of Gregory XVI., and still more curiously he did—though not perhaps exactly in the way Gregory had anticipated—fulfil almost to the letter his predecessor's ominous prediction. During the unprecedentedly long reign of Pius IX. he had the opportunity of pretty well filling up the Sacred College twice over; there were only, we believe, three or four of Gregory XVI.'s nominees in the Conclave which elected Leo XIII. Yet here again the election fell—and after a still shorter interval of deliberation—on one of the very last of its members whom Pius IX. would himself have chosen as a successor. According to the old proverb "man proposes and God disposes," but it is not difficult to discover reasons of a very human and intelligible kind why all previous designs or conjectures about the *papabile* should so generally be frustrated by the event. The simple fact is that the rules of Conclaves, on which we have before now taken occasion to enlarge, and an admirably clear exposition of which will be found in Mr. Cartwright's little work on the subject, are framed, whether purposely or not, with an elaborate and complicated ingenuity which can hardly fail to baffle any previous calculations about the result. It would hardly be a paradox to say—and many historical examples might be adduced in support of such a proposition—that *credo quia impossibile* is the most plausible vindication that could be offered of any conjecture on the subject. The unlikeliest candidate, according to all ordinary tests of likelihood, has again and again been elected, the likeliest hardly ever. There have been occasions in the remote past when a Pope was allowed and even urged to nominate his own successor. Hildebrand named the three who were next to succeed him. But the age and the man were alike exceptional. The Papacy was recovering, partly through German intervention, from a long and disastrous agony of moral degradation, and Hildebrand was one of the greatest rulers of men who ever sat on the papal or any other throne. In ordinary times a Pope has one means only of exercising—indirectly—a posthumous influence on the fortunes of the Roman See. He can name many—in some cases most—of the Privy Council, so to call it, whom his successor will be bound to consult, and who in the first place have the exclusive privilege of electing him. But as regards, we do not say the person but the character and policy of that successor, this influence, for causes already indicated, is a very slender and precarious one.

But still, after making all deductions, it remains true that the College of Cardinals is a body which cannot fail to exert a considerable control over the action of the reigning pontiff, whatever may be his own individual opinions. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the present Pope was during his earlier years, and to some extent still is, seriously hampered by the opposition of the very uncongenial council of advisers his predecessor had saddled him with. No doubt Leo XIII. finds this inconvenience aggravated from his own honourable but rather self-denying resolve, announced from the first, to govern on strictly constitutional principles, and do nothing by his own mere arbitrary will—the one point on which his departure from the example of his predecessor must meet the hearty approval of the Cardinals. But it would be impossible for any Pope to carry out with success a policy in which he was habitually thwarted by them. "The Catholic Church," as M. About rather oddly phrased it, "is governed by a Pope and seventy Cardinals, in memory of the twelve Apostles." We may drop the twelve Apostles, and there are seldom or never seventy Cardinals at any given moment, but the statement is substantially correct. It is true that the cardinalatial dignity is in reality a secular, not a sacred, one; Cardinals may be, and sometimes have been, laymen. The distinction of Cardinal Bishop, Cardinal Priest, and Cardinal Deacon is a technical one, and does not indicate their rank in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. In these days the Cardinal Deacons are generally in priest's orders, though Antonelli during the greater part of his life was not, and many Cardinal Priests are in fact diocesan bishops, like Cardinal Manning, while on the other hand there have been Cardinal Priests and even Cardinal Bishops, who were not in priest's orders, and Cardinals have in several instances been allowed to resign their dignity and marry. When Cardinals not in sacred orders are created they are appointed for twelve months only, with an obligation of being ordained deacons within the year, but their appointment can be renewed *toties quoties* by papal authority, and the regulation in a Bull of Pius IV. that Cardinals below the grade of deacons should not vote in Conclave has been ruled to be liable to papal dispensation. Pius IX. wished all his Cardinals to be in priest's orders, and there are none of the members of the present College who are not priests. However their speciality is to be the great officials of the Papal Court, and in

that capacity they enjoy a controlling power over the whole administration of the Church in communion with Rome. It has been characteristic, as we pointed out on a former occasion, of the nominations of the present Pope that a larger proportion of them than has been usual for a long time past have been non-Italian. Nearly half of the Cardinals created by him are foreigners, and considerably over a third of the present College are therefore of other nationalities than the Italian. It would indeed be easy enough in the bestowal of the fifteen Hats now vacant to equalize the numbers. This alone would give a peculiar interest and importance to the next creation, and we observe that of the thirteen names put forward in the current rumours, of which the *Times* Correspondent has made himself the mouthpiece, six are of non-Italians. Some of these names carry no special significance, but there are others suggestive of a line of policy which has come to be associated in general estimation with the present pontificate. And we should certainly not be disposed to attach much credence to the report retailed by "our own Correspondent" that "the Pope is wavering and waiting to see how political events may turn before deciding whether to choose prelates of violent or moderate views." That some contemplated appointments may still be in suspense is likely enough; that the alternative which presents itself to the Pope's mind is of the kind suggested is most unlikely.

As regards two of the prelates named the ground of hesitation is a sufficiently obvious one. It appears that the French Government desires to have Mgr. Place, Archbishop of Rennes, and Mgr. Bernardon, Archbishop of Sens, raised to the Sacred College, but that they last year suppressed the extraordinary allowance hitherto made to "national Cardinals," and as the position is one which necessarily involves additional expense, the Pope not unreasonably thinks that, if France wishes still to have Cardinals, she should continue to pay for them. But it is stated that otherwise his Holiness is favourable to these nominations. Of Mgr. Bernardon there is nothing particular to be said. But Mgr. Place, now Archbishop of Rennes, but formerly Bishop of Marseilles, like some other prelates already raised by Leo XIII. to the purple, signalized himself by taking a prominent part in the opposition at the Vatican Council. He is mentioned in the *Letters of Quirinus* as the French bishop who spoke most decidedly next to Dupanloup against the infallibilist dogma. When Strossmayer declared in the Council Chamber that "nothing could be imposed as a dogma on the faithful which had not a moral unanimity of the episcopate in its favour," and a violent tumult ensued, we are told that Bishop Place, "one of the boldest of the minority and the first to give in his adhesion to Dupanloup's pastoral (against the dogma) exclaimed 'Ego illum non damno.'" And he retained to the last the courage of his opinions, and voted *Non placet* in the minority. The other French candidate, Archbishop Bernardon, did not take so decided a line, but he voted *Placet justae modum*, and was therefore unfavourable to the definition. And a still more conspicuous champion of the Opposition, indeed the leading spirit among them, Strossmayer himself, is also among those reported to be marked out for elevation to the sacred purple. No doubt Strossmayer, like the rest of his colleagues, has accorded a sort of tacit submission or acquiescence to the promulgation of the dogma, though he has taken no active part in it. He is said to be mainly interested and occupied at present in ecclesiastico-political schemes concerning his own diocese and country, and probably did not care to waste his energies on what may have seemed to him as to others a barren and unprofitable strife about "words and names" with no corresponding realities. Archbishop Darboy told one of his clergy after his return from Rome that, while the decree must be considered as having official validity, it was "un dogme inerte" and had no substantial force or meaning. Strossmayer is probably of much the same mind. That he has really abandoned the convictions he set forth with such wealth of argument and impassioned eloquence in the elaborate address delivered in the Council Chamber on June 2, 1870, is what nobody who knows anything of him is likely to imagine, and what we may pretty safely assume that Leo XIII. does not believe to be the case. He then began by "declaring that papal infallibility was against the constitution of the Church, the rights of the Bishops and Councils, and the immutable rule of faith." And after expounding, emphasizing, and vindicating this thesis from a copious review of Church history, he concluded by repeating that "the divine rule (of ecclesiastical tradition) would be completely overthrown by the personal infallibility of the Pope, to the great injury of faith"; that "the definition was desired by the worst enemies of the Church, who openly assert in writing and by word of mouth that it is the best means for destroying the infallibility of the Church"; and, lastly, as regarded his own Croatian flock, that "not only would the return of their separated brethren (of the Eastern Rite) be barred, but it might be feared that the Catholic Croats would be driven out of the Church." That the man who said all this, and much more to the same effect, in the most public and solemn manner, has become a genuine believer in the doctrine he so fervently denounced, it would be difficult to credit on his own assurance, and we are not aware that he has ever intimated anything of the kind. Haynald indeed, Archbishop of Kalocsa, if a man of less commanding mental and moral power than Strossmayer, spoke no less vehemently, and with more pungent and incisive bitterness, against the dogma; and Haynald is already a Cardinal. It will not therefore be surprising if a still greater champion of the same cause should take his seat beside him in the Sacred College. There is one more name among those included in the rumoured list of future Cardinals which deserves a passing notice

here. Capecelatre, now Bishop of Capua, was not a bishop in 1870, and therefore of course took no part in the Council, but there can be little doubt which side he would have espoused if he had been there. He is, we believe, regarded by those most capable of judging as *facile princeps* among the Italian clergy of all ranks for his learning, his ability, and his large and liberal views, and historical study, in which Leo XIII. has manifested of late so active an interest, is said to be his speciality. He is in all respects the sort of man the present Pope would be likely to single out for promotion, and the prevalent rumour therefore, so far as he is concerned, is very likely to be well founded. The other Italian names mentioned in the report are not generally known to fame, but it would probably be thought improper not to include an Italian contingent in any fresh batch of Cardinals, and the men of distinction among possible Italian nominees are few and far between.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

IN the great exhibitions of the London season from that at the Royal Academy downwards, the spectator is harassed by the constant change in the attitude of mind he has to assume in order to appreciate the works of art presented in succession to his eye. At each change there is a mental acrobatic feat performed, which after an hour or two leaves him in the very worst condition of mind for appreciating pictures. It is however with a real feeling of pleasure that we can go round the rooms at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The collection is not too large to be enjoyed in a reasonable time; and, above all, there is method in the selection and arrangement. As no limit was made either as to time or country in the selection of the drawings, we have before us a series including examples of almost every style which has been developed in the civilized world; indeed for those who can read aright, there are the materials almost complete for a universal history of architecture. In the styles of treatment too there is the utmost variety. Some of the drawings have been made by the architects themselves in designing their own work; some are sketches quickly done in order to note an invention as it passed through the mind; some are the records of the wanderings of English architects in foreign lands; some are portions of series of views of particular groups of buildings made with a view to engraving; whilst perhaps the most beautiful are those of great pictorial artists, such as Turner, who have found in architectural subjects the colour and form, and the groupings of light and shade, necessary to satisfy the requirements of their art. To the public these latter will certainly be the most attractive, whilst to all they will seem the most beautiful. But the student of architecture will no doubt take the greatest interest in those examples which will enable him to see to some extent into the actual working of the mind of the great architects of the past.

Many of the drawings by pictorial artists are of very great beauty. That those by Turner are so is a matter of course. Cotman is represented by one very beautiful example of a Norman tower on a flat shore. Amongst others of this class we find Prout, W. L. Leitch, Roberts, and Mackewan. But it must also be observed that both professional architectural draughtsmen, such as Nash, and architects themselves, such as Sir Charles Barry, Wyatt, and Street, do not fall far behind these in the purely pictorial qualities of some of their drawings of buildings. Of the sets made for illustrations to books, those by James Stuart and C. B. Cockerell are perhaps the most interesting; but the works of Nash and Billing deserve an almost equal attention. If the visitor, however, goes with the intention of studying architecture, rather than the picturesque representation of architecture, he will find both the collection of the Inigo Jones drawings and those of Wren's St. Paul's attract a large part of his attention. It is most unfortunate that the Committee were unable to avail themselves of the generosity of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of the metropolis, in order to exhibit a set of drawings which would have illustrated clearly the changes which the designs for that building underwent before the present form was finally decided upon. Two large drawings, however, lent by the Royal Institute of British Architects, by F. P. Cockerell and J. E. Goodchild, give a very interesting representation of one of the early forms of the interior of the dome. The small selection of the drawings in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, some by the hand of Inigo Jones himself, and others from his sketches, combined with the two extremely important finished designs for Whitehall Palace, lent by Her Majesty the Queen, form a group well worth study. The palace is well known from many published works and from the one fragment of it which was built. But even in Kent's book there is no engraving of it which gives nearly such a grand idea of its dignity and finish of detail as these two, which are no doubt by the hand of the master. Amongst the Duke of Devonshire's drawings are some finished in Indian ink, in order to be engraved in Kent's design of Inigo Jones. But by far the most interesting are those which are undoubtedly Inigo Jones's own sketches. Some of these are purely architectural, and show a power of drawing continuous firm lines very like what we find in the leaves of the Album of Willars de Honecourt, but with greater power of elaboration. Several are designs of the scenery required for the Court plays, and arranged by him as Master of the Revels, in which capacity it was that he quarrelled with Ben Jonson. Many of these show a variety and brilliancy of imagination which in actual building he found himself obliged to restrain.

The Club may certainly be complimented for having collected together a set of drawings which will be admired, not only by those interested in the technique of architecture, but also by the lovers of exquisite draughtsmanship and connoisseurs in the English school of water-colours.

TELPHERAGE.

IN these days of discovery and mechanical invention we are apt to forget the first experiments and attempts to bring the processes to a practical issue. Although many people still living well remember the day on which the first locomotive carrying passengers was run, yet the large majority look upon railways as matters of course, and, if they think at all on the subject, wonder how our ancestors could do without them. It is the same with the telegraph. Many of us are old enough to know with what interest the laying of the first Atlantic cable was watched, and the effect produced when the first message from America was received. Ocean cables are no longer wonders, and long ones are now laid without attracting much attention, so that it sometimes is almost a matter of surprise when we hear of places to which a telegram cannot be sent.

We now hear of an invention just brought to a successful issue, and only waiting to be put to practical use. Without predicting for telpherage anything like the extended applications that railways or telegraphs have received, yet it gives good promise of being of great value in many districts. This is another of the many applications of electricity for which the last quarter of the nineteenth century will be famous. There are many places where transport is necessary, but in which a railway or even a rough tramway would not pay, firstly, in consequence of the difficulties of constructing the line, and secondly, because of the small quantity of traffic. A railway necessitates the construction of a permanent way on ground which must be level or only on a comparatively slight gradient; it requires land to be purchased, and in hilly districts cuttings, embankments, bridges, and tunnels, and, when these are completed, expensive rolling stock; and, lastly, many officials to work the trains.

Professor Fleeming Jenkin proposes to substitute for these appliances a suspended rod or thick wire on which a number of light trains can be run, the wire which supports the train being also the conductor which transmits the necessary current of electricity. Electric railways and tram-cars have already been constructed in which the usual double rails are employed; wire-rope trams are also in use; but the system of telpherage is a combination of the two. In the new system strong posts are erected at distances of about seventy feet, the posts being provided with cross-heads, to the ends of which are attached steel rods about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, one set of rods acting as the up-and the other as the down-line. The ends of the rods at each post are electrically insulated from one another, and the end of one rod on, say, the down-line is connected by a conducting wire to the end of the next rod on the up-line, and so on, the two extreme rods at one end of the line being connected to the terminals of the dynamo-electric machine which generates the current. It results from this that the consecutive spans of the rods on each line are alternately in a different electrical condition, so that if connected by a conducting wire, the electric circuit will be completed and a current would flow through the wire. On these rods run pairs of wheels, from which the trains consisting of an electric locomotive in which the Professor's very ingenious system of nest-gearing is employed, and five or six buckets for carrying the goods, are suspended. The carriages are connected to one another by means of stiff rods, so that they are held at a convenient distance, ten or fifteen feet from one another, and are thus prevented from coming into collision in running downhill or when swinging from the action of the wind. The train is made of the length of one whole span, so that when part of the train is running down an incline, owing to the bending of the suspending rod, the other part is going up, one part thus helping the other and diminishing the traction required; this length of train is also necessary for the arrangement of the electrical connexion; for, as the leading and end wheels of the train are resting on sections of the line which are in different electrical conditions, the current passes in at one of the end wheels of the train, through a wire to the motor, then along another wire to the wheel at the opposite end of the train, where it returns to the line. Each train will carry a useful load of 15 cwt. or 1 ton; but, as a number of trains may be run at distances of about one-fifth of a mile apart, the lines can be employed more usefully than an ordinary railway track; in addition to this, no attendant is required for the trains, the line being worked entirely from the stations, at one of which the electricity is generated by a dynamo-machine, driven by a steam-engine or by water-power where available. The lines may be run on a somewhat steep incline; in fact, a gradient of one in ten has not been found excessive. Again, very sharp curves may be used; one described with a radius as little as six feet having been found quite practicable. The posts may be of such a height as is convenient for the locality traversed; shorter posts will suffice when the line passes over fields than when crossing roads. In hilly country, where roads are difficult to construct, the telpher line might be eminently useful for the conveyance of minerals and produce, especially where water-power can be obtained for driving the dynamo-machine.

As the speed proposed is only four or five miles an hour, it is obvious that telpherage cannot compete with railways; it is only intended as a substitute for cartage; one train, in fact, will do the work of a horse and cart, and that without the employment of a driver, and also at a lower rate. Professor Fleeming Jenkin has estimated the cost of erecting and working a line extending five miles from the station, the double line being therefore ten miles in length. On this line twenty-five trains could be run at once, and, at the rate of four miles an hour, would be capable of carrying in each direction sixty tons in a working-day of eight hours. The total cost of the line, including steam-engine, dynamo-machine, trains, &c., would be about 8,000/., and the expense of working, including interest on first outlay, depreciation, &c., would be about two-pence per ton per mile. In this estimate it is calculated that only one-third of the energy developed by the steam-engine is transformed into tractive force in the electric motors; possibly improvements in the apparatus may ultimately increase their efficiency. This compares favourably with road traffic. A road of five miles in length may be estimated to cost 5,000/., and the cost of cartage, not including first cost and maintenance of road, may be put down at one shilling per ton per mile.

Many applications of this system of telpherage readily suggest themselves. Professor Fleeming Jenkin proposes to employ the lines as feeders to railways bringing materials from the interior of a country to the main line passing through the district, also for the carriage of grain, coals, minerals, gravel, sand, meat, fish, salt, manure, fruit, vegetables. In many factories, materials have to be conveyed from one part of the works to another, and for this purpose tramways are now generally used, occupying space on the ground which might be more profitably employed if overhead carriage could be substituted. It is perhaps too much to expect that the parcel post will be conveyed by these means, for the objection to overhead telegraph wires would be much intensified in the case of telpher lines. Again, for transporting war material and stores it is not difficult to imagine that the erection of a telpher line from the sea, when this is made a base of operations, might be quite possible, the dynamo-machines being worked by engines on board the ships. Whatever applications the system may ultimately receive, we may wish success to the endeavours of the inventor.

In the foregoing description many important scientific details are necessarily omitted, and for these the reader must be referred to Professor Fleeming Jenkin's lecture recently delivered before the Society of Arts, a report of which, with explanatory figures, is printed in the Journal of the Society, but perhaps enough has here been said to show that the scheme is well worthy of consideration.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—IV.

LANDSCAPE art in the present exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Society, and the Royal Institute is marked by one almost universal characteristic. There is a very general absence of any attempt to compose. The pictures are mere sketches from nature. A fine composition, such as Turner's "Carthage" or "Crossing the Brook," or Gainsborough's "Watering Place" or "The Market Cart," hardly exists. About nine-tenths of the landscapes shown in these four great gatherings are neither better nor worse than coloured photographs of ordinary views. The few exceptions, such as Mr. Henessey's "Twixt Day and Night" (87) in the Grosvenor, or Mr. Fulleylove's "Three Graces" (596) in the Institute, stand out in the recollection of visitors. Mr. Henessey represents a pale scene, when the sun has gone down and the moon is rising, when everything is toned away by the white mist and the absence of positive colour, and when the three figures, two Norman peasant women and a child, look strong and dark in the whitening evening air. In catching and fixing a mood of nature, and in treating his theme delicately, we had almost said poetically, Mr. Henessey has earned the gratitude of lovers of well-thought-out, well-composed, yet truthful and accurate landscape. Mr. Fulleylove has given us an old-fashioned garden scene. "The Three Graces" are marble statues in a fountain surrounded by green lawns and yew hedges. He is so much pleased with the scene—and no wonder—that he has sent to the same Gallery two variations of it (612 and 709), the last putting our old friend the blackamoor from Clement's Inn into the place occupied in the first picture by the "Graces." There is good work of this kind to be found also at the Academy, but very little of it. Mr. C. P. Knight's "Falmouth Harbour" (547), unfortunately, like so much other good work, skinned by the Hanging Committee, is an excellent example of the *usa* which a real artist, as distinguished from a sketcher, may make of a shipping. Mr. Knight's only other work is more of a sketch. The "Upper Waters of Loch Fyne" (741) are not filled, like the mouth of "Falmouth Harbour," with shipping, but the artist has used a sweet tranquil Scotch sunset to give effect to his picture. Another fine landscape at the Royal Academy is Mr. Bernard Evans's "Fern Harvest, Cannock Chase" (1104), in the Water-Colour Room. It is very badly hung, and we failed to observe it in our first survey of this room. Yet it deserves better treatment, being, with a single exception, the only landscape among the water-colours worth looking at twice. Cannock Chase is an old hunting-ground of this charming painter, and he has here brought out its characteristics with a loving hand, and yet with evident power of

that composing kind which is so often wanting. The exception mentioned is immediately underneath. This is Mr. Walter F. Stock's "In the Golden Eventide" (1102), a very sweet and warm view of a river, a bank of trees half in shade, and a few accessories calculated to raise his work from the rank of a sketch to that of a picture. Mr. Keeley Halswell's "Bed of Water Lilies" (201) is in the Grosvenor, and, in spite of rather too much heaviness in the clouds, will satisfy his most ardent admirers for its silvery tone and delicate gradations. His best picture at the Academy is in the Great Room, and is called "A Gleam of the Setting Sun" (257). It shows a high bank crowned with trees, a river in the foreground, and a finely-drawn, well-rounded mass of cloud behind. The "Gleam" is, however, too brown and not sufficiently sunny to please us. He exhibits another "sunset," "The Scene of Sir Walter Scott's 'Rokey': a Gleam of the Setting Sun" (417), in which the ruddy glow we are accustomed to associate with the idea of evening is wholly absent. This is of the three the least pleasing of Mr. Halswell's works, being, in fact, only a transcript from a natural scene. Sir Robert Collier sends nothing to the Academy, but in the Grosvenor he has two fine sketches—"A Wounded Giant" (126) and "A View from Baveno" (244)—both fine specimens of the grand style of landscape so finely dealt with by this eminent amateur.

Mr. Brett's pictures at the Royal Academy labour, with one exception, under the same defect. It is impossible, for instance, to admire "Macleod's Maidens" (395), in spite of the faultless painting of sea and sky. If the rocks could be taken out, or rocks which are not "natural sculpture" substituted, it would be easier to like the picture. As it is, geological curiosity does duty for the picturesque. His "Granton Pier" (352) is more satisfactory; but we never like Mr. Brett's stormy seas as well as his sunny ripples like those in "Britannia's Realm." A fine example of this manner is in Gallery XI, "A Summer Day in St. George's Channel" (1574). Another painter of the sea is Mr. Henry Moore, who appears in great force with two pictures in the Royal Academy, three in the Grosvenor, and six at the Royal Society's gallery. Another artist who paints the sea with ease and brightness is Mr. Hamilton Macallum. His "Coral Fishing in the Gulf of Salerno" (170) in the Grosvenor, and a very similar scene in the rooms of the Institute (407), are full of Southern warmth and brilliancy. At the Grosvenor one of the best sea pictures is "Off the Coast of Portugal" (313), by Mr. Tristram Ellis. Some pilot and fishing-boats are lying to in the track of the ocean steamers. Although a water-colour, this is fine solid work, thoroughly learned and composed as well as truthful. Mr. Ellis has several charming views, both here and in the Institute, chiefly taken at Cintra and in the neighbourhood of the "Castle of the Penas" (862, Royal Inst.). He thus breaks entirely new ground. It is strange, indeed, that English lovers of the picturesque should so persistently neglect Portugal. Its very nearness seems to be against it. A picture by Mr. Napier Hemy in the Grosvenor some years ago showed what might be made of Oporto. Lisbon is scarcely less worthy of the artist's regard. The people, as Mr. Ellis shows in these sketches, are quite as interesting as to costume as Spaniards, or even Italians.

The remaining landscapes worth noticing in the Royal Academy are not many. Mr. Peter Graham has two very woolly pictures (27, 216), harsh and crude in colour, and, like so many other works by the Academicians, far below the mark. Mr. Whipple's "Summer at Streatham-on-Thames" (82) is in every way admirable. The shadow of the trees against the sunlit sky is most delicate; and, on the whole, this must be classed among the best landscapes of the year. Mr. Adrian Stokes represents an avenue in a wood, with a female figure in the middle and a male figure in the extreme distance. To this spotty, weak, and disappointing picture (188) two lines of poetry are appended. Some of Mr. Graham's faults, and especially his wooliness, are apparent in Mr. Davis's "Hill Side" (286), but the colour is much more harmonious. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Herring Market at Sea" (389) is the least hard of his contributions to the exhibition, but there should be a note in the Catalogue to explain what are the strange blue birds flying about in the foreground. "A Wintry Dirge" (411), by Mr. Alfred East, has a look of Ruysdael, but the comparison is fatal. Miss Clara Montalba's Dutch study, "Middelburg" (505) is very sunny and warm, and seems to kill everything near it. Mr. Ernest Parton's "Vale of Light" (558) must divide with Mr. Whipple's "Summer," mentioned above, the honour of being the best landscape in this year's Academy. The birch-tree is exquisitely painted. Nearly as good is Mr. Walton's "A Dappled Sky" (745), a fine Surrey view, with a low blue distance. Mr. MacWhirter used to do better and—as some tree studies in the Institute show—can do better than in anything he shows at the Academy. "The Windings of the Forth" (491) is poor to the last degree. The distance is as strong as the foreground, and the touch feeble and hesitating. "The Home of the Grizzly Bear" (846) is a study in black and blue, and is very incomplete. Mr. Leader's "The Ploughman homeward plods" (902) is very like a picture by Herr Heffner in the French Gallery. We cannot give it greater praise. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Barges Shooting Rochester Bridge" (1539) is very fine, and will enhance the artist's great reputation, as will also his "Close of a Winter's Day" (1589), which shows an old hulk being broken up by convicts.

With these notes we close our review of the least interesting exhibition of the Royal Academy that most of us can remember. The number of poor pictures by Academicians placed on the line,

the systematic ill-hanging, the cynical disregard of the claims of foreign artists, coupled with the ungenerous treatment of critics by the authorities, spoil any pleasure we might otherwise derive from the sight of nearly fifteen hundred pictures. That we are not overstating the case will be seen when we remind our readers of the treatment received by M. Emile Wauters, which the Academy has done nothing since the exhibition opened to rectify, and by a further fact which has been made public—namely, that a great work by M. Jules Breton was refused. This is scarcely credible, but strictly true. Since the Royal Academy a few years ago rejected a Corot and skied a Daubigny they have done nothing like this.

The landscapes which remain to be noticed at the Royal Society's rooms in Pall Mall are many, and we must make a small selection suffice, taking the pictures in the order of the Catalogue. Mr. Marshall's "Hyde Park Corner" (30) is very powerful; it shows, looking westward, a group of horses at the drinking-troughs on the right, with the bare trees of the Park looming large through the yellow fog. Overhead is one of the grand red sunsets so often seen in London, and especially last winter. "A Deserted River Bed" (36) is the most vigorous of Mr. Hunt's ten contributions. The dark sky, the half-hidden sun, the white birds rising in the middle distance, produce on the mind an effect like that produced by a poem. Mr. E. A. Waterlow sends a large and brightly-coloured "Ramble on the Cliffs" (48), which irresistibly reminds us of Mr. Hook at his best. Mr. T. M. Richardson is very conventional as usual in his large and showy "Glencoe from Rannoch Moor" (120). In a coast scene of very rugged character, "King Ida's Castle" (270), Mr. Hunt has contrived to give an admirable representation of sea-spray. To notice all the good landscapes here would be to notice a full half of the pictures exhibited.

At the Institute Mr. Elgood vies with Mr. Fulleylove in painting garden scenes. "My Lady's Garden" (8) is very pretty with its brick wall and old-fashioned flowers. There are two or three other sketches of, apparently, the same scene, by Mr. Elgood in the exhibition, all of which will repay the seeker. Mr. Brodley's "Hayfield" (37) is a fine study with rising moon. Mr. Weedon's "Mountain Mist" (50) is a careful work. A large sunset view of "Rouen from Bonsecours" (61) is by Mr. J. H. Scott, and is full of detail without any loss of strong effect. Passing by some pretty pictures by Mr. George Lucas, Mr. Hine, Mr. Moxon Cook, Mr. Harry Goodwin, and Miss Greenish, we come to a pure water-colour study in "Donington Park" (153), in which Mr. Orrock vindicates the old style of work with a very satisfactory result. There are several other pictures by Mr. Orrock in the Gallery, and all equally meritorious and conscientious. Mr. Knight's "Evening Glow" (167) looks more like an oleograph than water-colour. It is, however, very strong and effective. Mr. Holloway appears to great advantage, though with a somewhat hackneyed subject, an old hulk, "The Wellesley" (176). There are one or two Oriental sketches by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. Mr. Wimperis is at his best in a pure water-colour, "Llyn Pen Craig" (218). But the best landscape in the first room seems to be "Summer Time: a Sussex Landscape" (235), by Mr. Hampson Jones, a charming view, apparently of the eastern side of old Winchelsea. The shadow of the hill creeps over the marshes, and the glow of the sky deepens. We do not often feel inclined to praise a picture so unreservedly. There is great depth in Miss Swan's "Cool Nook" (238), a brook among dark trees. "Chill November" (255), by Mr. H. C. Fox; "Flow on, thou shining River" (280), by Mr. Grace; "Mount's Bay" (284), by Mr. Aston; a bright Mediterranean view (313), by Mr. Robinson; and Mr. Claude Hayes's hunting-scene at "Horsham" (318) are all worth looking at. Mr. Arthur Severn's moonlight view, "From the Casino, Monaco" (332), is rather empty compared with his much more satisfactory "Venice" (562). In the Middle Room Miss Martineau's "River Spey" (367) is a cloudy midday scene, cool and pretty. Mr. Aumonier's "Sussex Village" (392), and several other pictures by the same artist, are very pleasing. Mr. Thomas Collier is as satisfactory as usual in his pure water-colour in the "New Forest near Lymington" (427). "The Old Guard House" (442), by Mr. Bell, betrays the influence of the French school, with its high tall houses and windy wet street. Mr. C. W. Wyllie sends one of his fine sketches, "Down the Thames" (485). Mr. Peter Ghent illustrates very charmingly some lines from Gray's *Elegy* (615). Mr. John O'Connor's "Italian Fishing-Boats" (656) shows powers of composition as well as of painting. An Italian landscape by Mr. Carl Werner (735) is pleasing; and there is grand sunset effect and great breadth in another foreign view, "The Acropolis of Athens from the Pnyx," by Mr. Harry Johnson. Mr. Syer's "Devonshire Stream" (822) is strongly painted in pure water-colour. Mr. Alfred Parsons shows a beautiful view, beautifully painted, "The Duddon Valley" (828). "Alfriston, Sussex" (948), is a showy scene, very fine and bright, by Mr. Thorne Waite. "Notre Dame de Paris" (1069) is a large and important architectural picture, painted with great power and skill by Mr. John Varley. On the whole, considering the immense number of water-colour pictures here brought together, we must pronounce the average quality very high, though, as we have observed, there is here as elsewhere by far too great an absence of any attempt at composition. Had we space unlimited, we might notice almost as many more from among the thousand works exhibited.

Mr. Whistler has opened an exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's in Bond Street. He calls his works "Notes—harmonies—nocturnes." Most of them are charming exercises in colour, delicate

as flowers; but, for all they have of form, they might be hung upside down.

Another minor exhibition, the Ladies' Amateur Art Society, shows a small collection of oils and water-colours at 23 Baker Street. The "lady amateurs" do not advertise sufficiently, and their little exhibition will have closed before many people have heard of it; yet among the painters who contribute are such well-known names as those of Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, who sends three of her brilliant studies of colour; Miss E. J. Harding, whose "Chapeau Noir" is very pretty; Miss Fraser, who sends a charming allegorical drawing; and Lady Harris, Lady Phillimore, Mrs. Marwood Tucker, Mrs. Frank May, and Miss Barclay Sandeman, whose still life "Study" of a green jar on a red velvet shelf is extremely good.

YACHT-RACING.

JUST seven years ago a memorable yacht-race took place on the ocean course along which the racing fleet, or so much of it as is at present fit for action, will sail to-day in the first great match of the season. The interest of the contest on this occasion was in no way due to the weather; for, though there was at the time when the yachts started a strong breeze, and a dark and lowering sky, which gave every possible promise that it would continue, it unfortunately was fair for all but the very last bit of the course; and a run is generally thought but dull sailing. Nevertheless, the Southend to Harwich match of 1877 was a very remarkable one, and is likely to be remembered until steam-yachts have extinguished sailing-yachts, and until fundamental ignorance of seamanship is a necessary condition precedent for enjoyment of the sea. In this race the famous *Jullanar* made her first appearance, and by coming in ahead of everything, and taking the first prize on a day by no means well suited to a yawl, showed what wonderful speed she possessed, and how well considered had been the daring innovations of her designers which had moved the mirth of grave sailors and yacht-builders. In this race also the *Miranda*, best of all modern schooners, made her maiden effort, and made it in very vigorous fashion, as she beguiled the tedium of the run by gybing all standing—a proceeding which had disastrous results, for her main-boom went outside the strop on the second or third gybe. Keeping well up with her and with the two hundred ton *Australia*, which had great speed before the wind, the *Jullanar* tore along, showing wonderful power of running for a yawl; and when, at the elbow of the course close to Harwich harbour, she had to haul her wind, she showed that she could, to use a nautical expression, look up very high, and would have fetched right into the harbour had she not been put about by the *Australia*. The instant, however, this vessel had crossed her she went about again, and, forging marvellously to windward of the other, came in the easy winner of a race so fast that the steamers had been distanced. The *Miranda* would very possibly have won if she had not carried her main-boom and spinnaker-boom, but nevertheless the reputation of the new yawl was made. Struck by her strange appearance and admirable performance, a thoughtful yachtsman christened her the *Ugly Duckling*; but the sailors, who were not so well read in Hans Christian Andersen as the School Board might have wished, changed this into the *Duck*, seeing some resemblance between the hinder part of that bird and her counter. If, however, still jeered at, the *Jullanar* was henceforth feared, and was from that day recognized as a very terrible antagonist in strong breezes.

This of course is ancient history, for events move fast in the yacht-racing world; but like other ancient history it is worth attention. The yawl and the *Miranda*, which was to a certain extent modelled on her lines, proved themselves two of the best racing yachts that had ever been launched. In some respects, indeed, the *Jullanar* was the best vessel of her kind that ever had been or has been launched. By no reviler could she be called a racing machine. Moderately sparred and canvassed, she could not always vie successfully with other vessels in light winds, but in a breeze and a sea she was invariably admirable. In fact she was at once a racing-yacht and a true sea-going vessel as capable of making an ocean voyage in any weather as of sailing over a Solent course. On one occasion she performed the extraordinary feat of beating against a gale of wind from the Longships to Falmouth, and handsomely defeating a steamer which was making the same voyage. Now to what were the good qualities which put her in some respects so far above her predecessors due? To good designing, or at least in great part to good designing; to improvements on the existing type, and to careful study and thought; certainly not simply to ballasting, albeit she was a well-ballasted vessel. The great success of the *Miranda*, which, as has just been said, was modelled on the *Jullanar*, and which, having survived all the yachts of her day, still flies her racing-flag, proved still further that an advance had been made; and in no long time this fact was recognized. It would be entirely wrong to speak of the fastest yachts which have been produced since her day as having been copies of her; but there can be no doubt that to her peculiar design a considerable change in the modelling of yachts has been due, and that in essentials some of her features have been followed.

Now this advance was a most legitimate one, being an improvement in the model of a small fast sailing-ship such as, in former days, would have been of great importance. Has there been any such advance or any similar advance since? To give even the faintest affirmative in answer to this question would certainly

argue very great boldness. A considerable advance has been made, no doubt, in the valuable art of bolting a great mass of lead on to a vessel's bottom, but it would be hard indeed to say that there has been any real improvement in designing beyond the improvements which were suggested by the *Ugly Duckling*. After her triumphant appearance it was discovered that the plan of putting heavy ballast very low down, which, within reasonable limits, was adopted in her, could be carried much further, and that, under the rule of measurement, great advantages would be gained by lead keels. The *Jullanar* and *Miranda* were followed at intervals by vessels on which more and more lead was fastened outside, until the extraordinary proportions which have recently attracted so much attention were reached. Through no fault of their own, naval architects have had to employ their energies in the work, more suited for mechanics than for scientific designers, of attaching lead to a yacht's keel and garboards. Of course, when such a method is followed, the production of vessels somewhat faster than any vessel which has gone before means very little. There is a great entry of cutters for to-day's race, and amongst the names set down is that of a yacht recently built in the North which carries more outside lead than any vessel of her tonnage afloat, with the exception of the *Irex*, not yet ready for sea. If she wins, as very likely she will, her victory will have nothing like the significance of the *Jullanar's*. Owing to no fault, as we must repeat, of designers, yacht designing has become a purely mechanical art, and the triumph of a vessel means nothing more than that bolts and ties have been adroitly adjusted.

Now, to use a famous expression applied to a very different subject, this will never do. A system which encourages the production of racing machines and confines a sport, not merely to rich men, but to exceptionally rich men, must either be put a stop to, or it will effectually put a stop to yacht-racing. How the evils complained of can best be done away with we do not now propose to consider, but assuredly they can be done away with if an earnest effort is made. The general adoption of the length and sail area rule of the Y.R.A. may have good results. At all events, the experiment might well be tried, and to getting it tried the pundits of the Association, who have been rather lethargic of late, may usefully apply themselves. Otherwise they may find that they are relieved from all necessity for future effort, and that their occupation is gone. There is a goodly muster of vessels for the great opening match, as there has been in previous years, but in all probability lead will assert its irresistible supremacy before the season is far spent, and there will be dull racing, such as has already caused so much discontent. No sport can long endure which has become monotonous and slightly ridiculous, and unless lead keels are checked yacht-racing must needs become monotonous and somewhat absurd.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE STOCK MARKETS.

THE natural tendency of the panic in New York is to depress the prices of all kinds of Stock Exchange securities. American railway securities are of vast amount, and are held largely by investors all over Europe, but more particularly by investors in the United Kingdom, Holland, and Germany. The great fall that has taken place in the prices of these securities has therefore inflicted heavy losses upon great numbers of people in Europe as well as in America, has at the same time, as we have often explained, diminished their borrowing, and consequently their purchasing power, and has seriously alarmed them for the future of their properties. The losses have at the same time compelled many speculative buyers of these securities to sell other securities, such as English railway stocks and foreign bonds, to fulfil the contracts into which they had entered; and thus the fall in prices in one great class of securities has led to a fall in prices generally in all classes of securities. But it is the effects in the United States which will chiefly tell upon the future of the markets. There the shock given to credit has been very severe. The last weekly return of the New York Associated Banks shows that, in spite of their efforts to bolster up the stock markets, the banks were obliged last week to reduce their loans by nearly 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling. They had to do this because of the large withdrawals of their deposits, alleged to be by savings banks in the West, upon which there was a very general run. Should this run upon the savings banks and other credit institutions throughout the Union continue, the banks generally will be deprived of their resources. They will in consequence be compelled to force borrowers to repay them what they owe, and in doing this they will bring about such large sales of Stock Exchange securities as will still further lower prices. It is possible, of course, that the run upon the banks may be nearly at an end, and that therefore there may be no further large calling in of loans; but in any case it is clear that the power of the banks to lend largely is crippled for some time to come, and therefore, except in the case of such great speculators as Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Gould, there will be little speculative activity in New York. It is quite true that there was a rise of prices in New York at the beginning of this week, but it did not last, and such as it was, it was partly due to the efforts of these great speculators, partly to the buying of speculators for the fall, who think that the decline in prices for the present is sufficiently great, and therefore they are realizing the profits they have made, and partly it is ascribable to purchases by European investors. It is hardly probable, however, under the circumstances, that these causes will long suffice to

support markets. The likelihood, rather, seems to be that in New York we shall see for some time to come great stagnation in the stock markets, with, perhaps, a further slow but persistent fall. Another cause unfavourable to the stock markets is the fear of an estrangement between this country and France. Members of the Stock Exchange and speculators generally fear that the Government may enter into engagements with France which will be so displeasing to the public that the Government will have to do as it did in the case of the convention with M. de Lesseps, and that the result may be a coolness between the two countries which would certainly depress markets generally. Lastly, the proposal of the Prussian Government to tax heavily all Bourse transactions has caused a fall upon the German Stock Exchanges. The German Stock Exchanges for some time back have been leading the movements for a rise in prices, and there were symptoms that we were about to see in Germany a considerable speculation; but this proposal of the Prussian Government has checked the movement and threatens even to create such an alarm as may lead to a considerable fall.

But while these several causes tend to depress the prices of Stock Exchange securities all over the world, there are other causes with a very opposite tendency. The immunity with which the London Stock Exchange has passed through the crisis engendered by the New York panic, as well as previously by the Paris panic, shows that in this country there has been of late very little rash speculation. The speculation that existed in 1880 and 1881 was chiefly carried on by Frenchmen and Americans. There was, of course, a certain speculation in England also, but that it was kept within bounds is proved by the fact that there have been so few failures on the Stock Exchange here. There have, indeed, been some very bad ones, of which the Blakeway scandal is the worst, but, in comparison with the number of members of the Stock Exchange, the failures and frauds have been exceedingly few. It is evident, then, that the members of the Stock Exchange are still wealthy and in good credit, and it follows that the clients for whom they do business must have escaped very serious losses. That their losses were considerable, of course admits of no doubt; but if they had been very serious the clients would have been unable to meet their requirements, and the members of the Stock Exchange would have been in consequence embarrassed. That there have been so few failures is evidence that the losses suffered in this country have been so moderate that those who incurred them have been able to pay up all their liabilities and yet retain their credit, with some few signal exceptions. In the meantime the wealth of the country has been growing, and the savings effected have been large. Trade, it is true, is less profitable than it was, and agriculture has been depressed; but still the profits of business generally are large enough to admit of considerable savings, and these savings therefore are waiting for investment. It was known for a long time that a crisis of some kind must occur in New York. People generally, therefore, were keeping their resources well in hand lest the crisis might turn out to be very formidable. It was also known that the Oriental Bank was in such difficulties that its suspension was not improbable, and nobody could foresee what would be the result of a suspension. Now that the panic has occurred in New York, and that the Oriental Bank is being wound up, people feel relieved. They know the worst, or very nearly, and therefore they are able to see how they stand, and they are reassured as regards the future. With every future fall in prices, therefore, there will be a greater readiness to buy than there has been for the past two or three years. Now that good American railway bonds can be bought to pay from 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and that good railway shares can be bought to pay nearly 7 per cent., and in some cases more, it is certain that buying throughout Europe will be continuous, and will grow larger and larger whenever there is a further fall. The knowledge that the banks and great speculators in New York have been obliged to buy from insolvent speculators vast masses of securities which they do not intend to keep, and therefore which they will sell at the first opportunity, will, as we have said above, prevent any early considerable rise; but as the sales go on and depress prices, investors will be tempted to buy, and in this way it is probable that any further considerable depreciation will be prevented, and that after awhile a recovery of prices will set in.

The disposition to invest which has been manifesting itself here in England since the beginning of the New Year by the success of the numerous colonial loans brought out and by the rise that has taken place in all sound securities, such as railway debenture stocks and municipal bonds, is also found to exist in Germany. The Germans, like ourselves, were not carried away by the speculative mania that prevailed in France from 1879 to the end of 1881. They consequently did not suffer very heavily by the crash that followed the failure of the *Union Générale*. Since then they have been cautious in their operations, and they have been very fortunate in large beetroot crops. When discussing the crisis in the sugar trade a few weeks ago, we showed how great had been the growth of the beetroot sugar industry in Europe of late, and the principal growth has been in Germany. Indeed, the last beet crop in that country has been unprecedentedly large. At the same time a succession of improvements and of chemical discoveries has so reduced the cost of manufacture that the profits resulting to Germany have been very large. The Germans, therefore, are prosperous at present; and, having saved much, they are inclined to invest liberally, and also to speculate. Now that their country has become the leading political State in

Europe, they desire to make its capital the leading financial centre. Paris having lost some of its financial importance since the late panic, the great capitalists of Berlin wish to attract to themselves the foreign loans and financial operations which used to centre in Paris, and they have been favoured by the reconciliation which has lately taken place between the Courts of Germany and of Russia. There has in consequence been a very considerable rise of prices in Germany during the past few months, and the tendency was towards a further rapid rise. This has been checked, as stated above, by the proposal of the Prussian Government to lay a heavy tax upon all Bourse transactions, speculative and otherwise. At the first announcement of this proposal there was something like a scare on the German Bourses. The proposal, especially that all speculators must enter their transactions in a book which should be open to official inspection, should be regularly stamped, and should be heavily taxed, caused a great outcry. It is said that it will have the effect of driving away all financial business from Germany. Of course the outcry is greatly exaggerated. The Germans have less ingenuity than they are generally credited with if they do not find some means of evading the law, supposing that the proposals are ever accepted by the Federal Parliament; and in any case a heavy tax will not put down speculation or prevent financial business. Of course Government interference of every kind does check business, as does likewise heavy taxation; but a check is one thing and a total driving out of capital is another. Besides, the proposals as yet have been only laid before the Federal Council. They have to be approved by it and then accepted by Parliament. They are not likely therefore very soon to come into effect, and in the meantime the probability is that speculators will recover from their scare and that the speculative movement will soon recommence. As regards the apprehended estrangement between this country and France, it is hardly probable that, whatever may happen, there will be war, and although a coolness and ill-feeling between the two countries would undoubtedly depress the prices of foreign stocks generally, it would not have such serious effects as are feared by the Stock Exchange. One other cause tends strongly to favour a recovery of prices. It is the abundance and cheapness of loanable capital. In consequence of the dulness of trade and of the absence of speculation, there has been going on for a couple of years past a great accumulation of unemployed capital in the great centres of business throughout the world. The Bank of France, for example, holds nearly 41 millions sterling in gold, the Bank of England holds over 25 millions sterling, and the United States Treasury holds about 39½ millions sterling of the metal. The owners of this vast capital find no profitable employment for it. Hitherto they have preferred to keep it unemployed because they foresaw difficulties which have now occurred, but they will be hardly likely to keep it unemployed much longer. The investment of these large sums will necessarily tend to a rise of prices. It is further to be recollect that commodities generally are exceptionally cheap just now, as well as Stock Exchange securities. Consequently, merchants are able to carry on the same amount of business as usual with a much less amount of money, and the capital which is thus set free they have either to keep entirely unemployed or to invest in Stock Exchange securities. Of course they will invest it in Stock Exchange securities which are perfectly safe, and yield a reasonably good interest. Their purchases will cause a rise in the higher classes of securities, which will lower the interest yielded by these securities, and the rise in the higher class of securities will almost inevitably be followed by a rise in all classes of securities. Lastly, the rapid reduction of debt by our own Government and by the Government of the United States tends to force up prices in spite of all obstacles. Those who are paid off must invest their capital again somehow, and the investment tends to raise prices.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

HERR RICHTER continues faithful to his mission. Thanks to him, it is possible week by week to study Wagnerism in its highest expressions and week by week to compare the master's work with the work of greater men. That this is an advantage is unquestionable. If Wagnerism is a fashion merely, then the more we have of it the sooner we shall have done with it. If, on the other hand, it really signifies a new departure, and embodies a new aesthetic principle, then the more we consider it and the better we are able to understand it the sooner will it be recognized for what it is and become the influence it should. Wagner believed, and absolutely, in the art he had invented—in the new art, that is, he had pieced together out of the old ones; he believed no less absolutely in the theory he had discovered—which in other words he had adopted, with exaggerations of his own, from the principles expounded by his predecessors—by Gluck and Weber, Bach and Berlioz, Beethoven and Spontini, and Meyerbeer. But he also believed in his music as music; and he not only sanctioned its production at concerts, but arranged a good deal of it for current use. On these arrangements Herr Richter chooses this season to depend for the better part of his material. As programme music they are presented, and as programme music they must be considered and sentenced. That with so much to select from we should be so rigorously restricted to the productions of Wagner and his school is, as we have argued,

a little hard. Still, as we have shown, the restriction is not without its advantages.

At the Fifth Concert, with an overture of Marschner's rather feeble as to its force, and rather tame as to its romance, Herr Richter gave us an excerpt from the *Ring des Nibelungen*, adapted by himself, on Wagner's instructions, from *Siegfried* and the *Götterdämmerung*, and depicting, at great length and with any amount of ingenuity and accomplishment, the whole course of Siegfried's adventure with Brynhilda, from the moment when she starts in quest of the rock where the Valkyr sleeps her enchanted sleep to his journey down the Rhine and his entry into the hall of the Sibrischungs. It may, says the programme writer, "be defined as a mosaic of motives"—the "Walsungen" motive, "the Voice of the Bird," the "Glow of the Brightening Glare," the "Slumber" motive, the "Fate" motive, the "Horn" motive, the "Love of Roving" motive, and, "by way of insisting on the advantages of the married state, the melody ascribed to Fricka, the protectress of marriage vows," with many others too numerous to mention, all "woven into a wondrously continuous (and shapeless) web." It was followed by the "Trauermarsch" from the *Götterdämmerung*, which, as everybody knows, is no mere funeral march for the death of a hero, like Beethoven's or like Handel's, but an oration somewhat in the manner of Bossuet, compacted of motives signifying Siegmund, "Siegfried's Death-blow," "the Sword Nothing," the "Recognition of Sieglinde and Siegmund," "Alberich's Victory," and a crowd of well-known facts and circumstances besides. And this in its turn was succeeded by the famous "Ride of the Valkyrie." At the Sixth Concert the master was represented by no more than two excerpts—the trio from the *Rheingold*, and an adaptation, familiar enough to Herr Richter's audiences, from *Tristan und Isolde*. The trio was excellently sung by Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Damian, and Fräulein Friedlander, who were recalled with enthusiasm. The excerpt was admirably played by Herr Richter's orchestra.

At the Fifth Concert the Symphony was Beethoven's Seventh in A, that masterpiece of invention and inspiration and accomplishment. Save for a certain weakness in the horns (a fault habitual to Herr Richter's orchestra), it was admirably rendered. At the concert of last Monday the anti-Wagnerian element was represented by Weber's delightful fantasy, the *Ruler of the Spirits* Overture; by Beethoven's violin concerto; and by Brahms's Third Symphony. The concerto introduced us to a new violinist, Herr Hugo Heerman; his technique is phenomenal, his taste is delicate and correct, his emotional capacity is inconsiderable, his tone is often wiry and thin.

THE DERBY.

IT would be impossible to tell the story of the Derby without noticing for a second time several races which we have described in recent articles; but we will do so as briefly as possible. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting the Biennial, which was the very first race, was won easily by Royal Fern, but he had nothing of importance to beat except Wickham—a colt that had been backed at 14 to 1 for the Derby early in the season and afterwards had turned roarer—and Zadig. Too much was made of this performance, and the subsequent victory of Zadig in the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom helped to mislead racing prophets, by inducing them to over-estimate the merits of Royal Fern's running in the Biennial. During the same meeting at Newmarket, the Craven Stakes was won by Scot Free with ridiculous ease, and these two colts started first and second favourites for the Two Thousand, Scot Free being the most fancied of the pair. Harvester, for whom 8,600 guineas had been given a couple of days before the Two Thousand, was understood to have run badly in a trial on the intervening day, and after being backed at 4 to 1, he eventually started at 20 to 1. Scot Free won in a canter by five lengths, St. Medard was second, Harvester was third, only a head behind St. Medard, and Royal Fern was last but one. Harvester, however, had sweated so much before the race, that his running was not considered genuine, and he became rather a better favourite for the Derby after the Two Thousand than he had been before it, being first favourite at 7 to 1, while 8 to 1 was taken about St. Medard. The last-named horse is wiry and fast, but he was considered by many people to be too small, light of bone, and wanting in muscular power for a Derby horse. Two days later, in the One Thousand, Queen Adelaide ran within half a length of Busybody after a fine race, and in consequence of this performance she became first favourite for the Derby, going up in the betting until she stood at 5 to 2. At the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, another race was run which again altered the Derby betting. This was the Payne Stakes, for which both Scot Free and Harvester started. Scot Free was giving 7 lbs. to Harvester; but on the strength of the Two Thousand running, nearly 2 to 1 was laid on Scot Free, and nearly 3 to 1 against Harvester, while 12 to 1 was laid against Royal Fern. There were also three other starters. The course for the Payne Stakes is more than a quarter of a mile longer than that for the Two Thousand. The finish is the same for each race; but for the Payne Stakes the horses start close to the Gap, where the Cesarewitch course runs through the Ditch and turns sharp to the right into the straight. The two favourites lay near each other for the first half-mile, a little behind the horse that was making the running, and then Harvester took the lead. As they came down

the hill, Scot Free's head was at Harvester's girths, and after a short struggle as they came up from the Dip, Harvester won, with something in hand, by three-quarters of a length. These first earnings of Harvester under his new master were worth 1,040*l.*, and the performance was considered so good that he was backed after the race at a fraction under 3 to 1 for the Derby. He was afterwards first favourite, alternately with Queen Adelaide, until the Saturday before Epsom races, when he was reported to be taking walking exercise only, and he gradually declined to 40 to 1. Talisman was one of the leading favourites, and it was argued that his two-year-old form was almost equal to that of Harvester; but there was much to be said against his running of last year. In the first place, he had never won a race, and although he had run within a length of Superba, half a length of Harvester, and a head of both Sandiway and Spring Morn, he had on other occasions run very indifferently. His admirers maintained that he had never been fully trained in any of his races last year, that he had improved during the winter, and that he was one of the best-looking colts that would run in the Derby. Another horse that had been beaten every time he ran was Beauchamp. When Talisman ran Sandiway to a head, Beauchamp was the same distance behind Talisman; so on this form there was not much to choose between the two colts. Beauchamp was unplaced for the Two Thousand; but it was said that he was not fit at the time, and there could be no question as to his good looks. Richmond had won three races, in one of which he had given St. Medard 13 lbs. and beaten him by a head; but he had run very badly on several occasions. This spring he had been unplaced in the City and Suburban Handicap, but it was said that he had been shut in at an important part of that race, and that he was making up his ground in a marvellous manner at the finish. When this became known, he went up to 12 to 1 in the betting. Shortly afterwards there was a report that he had hit his leg, and he did not appear at exercise with the other horses from his stable. Down he went to 33 to 1, but it was then discovered that, instead of doing his work as usual with his stable companions in the mornings, he had been taken out in the afternoons, and that there was nothing whatever the matter with him. He then went up to 10 to 1. St. Gatien had won all the three races for which he ran last year, but he had beaten nothing of exceptional merit. Still, no horse can do more than win all his races. Although rather narrow, he shows plenty of quality with power, and he had a large number of admirers and backers. We have now noticed all the starters which had shown even moderate public form. A week before the race Sir John Willoughby's apparent chance of winning the Derby was almost without precedent. The ring, and perhaps the owner himself, scarcely seemed to know, at one time, whether to make Harvester or Queen Adelaide first favourite. Sir John has been spoken of as an extravagant buyer of horseflesh. When he gave 3,500 guineas for Queen Adelaide as a yearling, people said that very high-priced yearlings rarely won many races, yet this filly won but little short of 3,000*l.* as a two-year-old, and as she ran Busybody to half a length in the One Thousand, a couple of days after that filly had been sold for 8,800 guineas, she would probably have fetched something like double her original price at public auction a fortnight before the Derby. Again, when Sir John gave 8,600 guineas for Harvester, wise people laughed, especially after that colt had been beaten in the Two Thousand; yet when Harvester was sold, he stood at 9 to 1 for the Derby, and before the day of the race he went up to something under 3 to 1, so that two or three weeks after his purchase he was practically appraised by the ring, as far as the Derby was concerned, at a much higher value than on the day of his sale. After doing nothing but walking exercise for four days, Harvester was cantered on the morning of the Derby day, and as he was sound when pulled up it was determined to start him. When he was seen in the paddock he went up considerably in the betting, and he started at 14 to 1. St. Gatien was scarcely in so good favour as he had been two or three days before the race, and he started at 12 to 1. Queen Adelaide fretted a good deal before coming out for the race, and she seemed inclined to kick. Her small feet and light fore-legs did not please all the critics, but still she remained a very steady first favourite at 5 to 2. Her near relation, St. Medard, was a good second favourite at 6 to 1, and Talisman was third favourite at 7 to 1. There was an excellent start, and Queen Adelaide, St. Gatien, and Richmond were some of the first horses to break the line to go to the front. Richmond made the running until half-way down the hill, with the exception of a few moments when a horse called Woodstock took the lead. As they were descending the hill towards Tattenham Corner, Richmond gave up his forward position, and a party of horses, composed of St. Gatien, Borneo, Waterford, and Loch Ranza, led the field round the turn, while Harvester, Queen Adelaide, Beauchamp, and Richmond headed the second division. Of these, Richmond was already beaten, and Queen Adelaide was rather shut in against the rails. St. Medard and Talisman were done with as they came into the straight, and Loch Ranza was also soon beaten. Half-way up the straight St. Gatien took the lead very resolutely; Borneo and Waterford were in close attendance; Harvester was making up ground, but still waiting; and Queen Adelaide, although going very well, was somewhat blocked in. At the distance Borneo was beaten, and Waterford gave way almost immediately afterwards. Queen Adelaide then got an opening, but she had to go round a little and lose some ground in doing this, and then she began to dash bravely towards the front. In

the meantime Harvester had been improving his position surely and steadily, but just when he seemed to be about to overtake St. Gatien, he blundered in his stride and lost ground. It was only for a moment, however, and he was soon by the side of St. Gatien, fighting out a desperate race. Queen Adelaide was also making up ground at every stride. Wood had now almost reached the winning-post with St. Gatien, and, although S. Loates rode Harvester with both judgment and resolution, all he could do was just to catch St. Gatien on the post, and the race was declared to be a dead heat. Queen Adelaide was a couple of lengths off. Mr. Hammond and Sir John Willoughby agreed to divide the honours of the Derby between them; so Harvester and St. Gatien were not brought out again to decide their merits. This caused some disappointment; but, after such a magnificent race, perhaps it was better to leave well alone. Many people think that Harvester would have won if he had not made that unfortunate "peck" at a critical moment; while others believe that Queen Adelaide would have secured the victory if she had had a clear berth; but in racing there must always be some risks and mischances, and it cannot be denied that the Derby of 1884 was a splendid race. We have often noticed the breeding of Harvester, who is by Sterling out of Wheatear. St. Gatien is by Rotherhill or The Rover out of St. Editha. If he is by The Rover, he has a treble cross of Birdcatcher's, a double cross of Touchstone's, and a double cross of Newminster's blood in his veins. People of a speculative turn of mind may naturally ask themselves whether Harvester would not in all human probability have won both the Two Thousand and the Derby if he had not undergone a change of stable a couple of days before the former race, and if he had had Archer on his back in the latter.

The French Derby, which took place on the Sunday preceding the English Derby, was considered almost a certainty for Mr. Lefevre's Archiduc. This colt had been first favourite for the Epsom Derby, until the death of Count Lagrange had rendered his nomination void, and he had won the French Two Thousand in a canter by two lengths from Little Duck. Great, therefore, was the surprise when Little Duck beat him by exactly the same distance for the French Derby on Sunday last. Nearly three to one had been laid upon him at the start, and he was considered so good in this country that the official handicapper estimated him at equal weights with Busybody, and 3 lbs. above Harvester. Little Duck is by See Saw out of Light Drum, and he belongs to the Duke de Castries. The Duke won the French Derby last year with Frontin, and both his victories were very well received by the racing public, but considering the inconsistent running of Little Duck and Archiduc, either the French Derby or the French Two Thousand must have been a most unsatisfactory race.

REVIEWS.

DR. STEPHENS ON RUNES.*

IN his poem on the Grande Chartreuse Mr. Matthew Arnold draws, in three lines, a vivid picture of a Greek standing "in pity and mournful awe" before "some fallen Runic stone." Runes are but rarely read in England, and Dr. Stephens's Handbook of the Monuments is a most welcome introduction to the study of monuments that still touch us with "pity and mournful awe." The runes, whether inscribed on grave pillar, on amulet, on sword-belt, on drinking-horn, or idol, or brooch, are the oldest lettered documents of our own ancestors. Faint, but audible still, these whispers come from the remote centuries, and we seem to hear with reverence the most ancient accents of a speech which is still our own. It is needless at this time of day to praise the learning and industry of Dr. Stephens, and his contempt for the linguistic charlatanism which dubs itself by the name of science. Facts, studied with earnestness and interpreted with modesty, are the basis of Dr. Stephens's readings. He is never ashamed to confess it when an inscription baffles him, he does not cling with conceited self-confidence to readings at best tentative, and he is no friend of conjectural emendations, or theories that runes must be magical, or gibberish, or written by a slave who did not know the tongue, merely because at present they are not decipherable.

We propose to give a summary of Dr. Stephens's ideas about the old Northern inscriptions, and then to examine the historical revelations about the life of the past which are contained in some of his more interesting examples.

Dr. Stephens first maintains that the values of the runes, as laid down by himself, are correct. Here the question turns chiefly on the meaning of a rune which distantly resembles a three-pronged fork, and is still more like archaic forms of the Greek Ψ . This old Northern stave Ψ was always Λ , no consonant, and certainly never M nor R . In his preface, and again in a chapter styled "The Word-Hoard" (p. 214), Dr. Stephens makes fierce and successful war against the adoption of R as the equivalent of the three-pronged rune. Assuming this trident to be R , then most of the inscriptions are unreadable, or can only be read by the aid of "desperate archaisms or unknown constructions," or they must be explained as gibberish or as inscriptions in a speech

* *Handbook of the Old Northern Runic Monuments.* Now first collected and deciphered. By Dr. George Stephens, F.S.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1884.

invented by the rune-cutter, or as magic. One is reminded of the famous Bath inscription on a leaden plate. One philologist interprets this to mean that some doctor of the period cured a man's wife, and received "five hundred thousand pounds in copper" for his skill. The proper names are read as names of witnesses to the deed. Another child of science makes out that the names are those of men suspected of stealing table-cloths, and devoted (by the owner of the linen) to all the Furies. The readings are really too funny in their diversity to be lost, so we offer extracts. One runs:—"Q(uintus) has bathed Vilbra for me with the water. Along with Cliquati's he has saved her by means of *quin . . . tael* (or *tale*). His pay is 500,000 pounds of copper coin." Then follow the names of the witnesses. A learned German prefers:—"May the man who stole my table-cloth waste away like water unless he restores it." Then come the names of some suspected persons. There is another reading, not less droll than the first. Now the opponents of Dr. Stephens and of the letter A seem to produce decipherments of the runes as incongruous and nonsensical as two of the three interpretations of the Bath inscription. Dr. Stephens, on the other hand, usually gets sense out of the staves, not improbabilities like the hypothesis that a physician's fee was 500,000 pounds of copper. We are thus humbly anxious to hope that Dr. Stephens is right, and that his reading of the runes so as not to make gibberish may be received, as he says, "with reasonable satisfaction, if not with perfect certainty." By the opposite system, scarcely two out of sixty inscriptions can be even plausibly translated.

Dr. Stephens next goes on to demonstrate that the first outflow of the Scando-Gothic tribes, the Germans, knew nothing of the art of writing, that the Saxons, or Flemings, or Low Country men were equally ignorant, and that the art was either brought to Scando-Gothic Europe, or learned or developed there by the third "clan-wave," the Northern or Scandinavian. As one out of many proofs, Dr. Stephens asserts that no runic stone, no inscription on any permanently fixed object, has ever been found on German or Saxon soil. "Germans of the better sort" admit this. The runic inscriptions in Germany are all on objects like jewels and other portable things, which might, for all that we can see, have reached Japan in the course of early commerce, but could not prove that either Germans or Japanese had possessed the art of writing runes. Again, in Northern lands fresh runic stones are always turning up in diggings or in old buildings. Not one has ever come to light in Saxon or German territory. The language, once more, in all Runic monuments is never German nor Saxon, but one or other dialect of Old Northern. Yet, shadowy as is the case for German runes, Dr. Stephens declares that pedantry has employed these non-existent objects as a weapon of Teutonic Chauvinism. In a sentence where honest indignation mixes her metaphors, he writes, "These archeological fictions and cobwebs have already been used for hounding on to the Germanization and annexation of North and South Jutland."

What is the date and origin of the art of rune-writing? The evidence of desecrated graves shows, Dr. Stephens thinks, that it is older than Christianity. He holds, as we understand him, that the "iron-wielding clans" reached Scandinavia after a march "from Northern or Central India." We confess that this idea, like all theories about the migration of the "Aryan race" and its members, appears to us very fanciful. The latest German notion (we do not assume that the latest German theory is any better than any of its brethren) makes Northern Europe, not Central Asia, the "cradle of the Aryan race." Dr. Stephens says "lore-men" should begin their researches in India, and examine graves northwards and westwards till they come on runes. He is certain that runes are not a modification of Roman letters. In a brief note he observes that "the birth of the runes has been cleared up by the Rev. Dr. Isaac Taylor." According to Dr. Taylor, the runes are an independent offshoot from the old Greek alphabet in Scythia (from Thrace and the Black Sea and the Crimea and Dnieper up towards the Vistula). According to this system, Greek letters were differentiated into runes perhaps seven centuries before Christ. But what will Mr. Paley say to a theory which makes Greek the fruitful mother of the Futhore, at a period when Greek writing was still undecipherable by readers of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and (therefore) must have been of very little practical use? Without dwelling on Dr. Stephens's ethnological inferences, we may agree with him that the art of writing shows "a very high degree of barbaric civilization and technical skill" in our ancestors, who, had they been less advanced in culture, could never have invaded and renovated Europe as they did.

We may now turn to the examination of a few out of the many inscriptions which are admirably engraved in Dr. Stephens's volume. He gives, in many cases, not only modern representations of the monuments, but copies of the sketches made by the old antiquaries of the seventeenth century. Sometimes, as in the case of the great golden horn, these sketches and copies are all that survive. This horn, which weighed eight pounds, was found at Galehus, in North Jutland. The conjectural date of 300-400 A.D. is assigned to it. The metal was decorated, apparently in repoussé work, with very remarkable designs. Here we see barbaric figures of men armed with round shields and short leaf-shaped swords. Another man holds a boomerang (?) in one hand, a staff in the other, and wears horns. Men on horse-back and centaurs also occur, saddles were in use, and figures of dogs and deer are common. The art (in the sporting scenes) is just between that of Red Indian picture-writing, and lenticular gems from the Greek islands in the second stage of their development,

after they ceased to be absolutely savage. A representation of a man with a boar's head recalls the familiar "serving man" of Winchester. A row of grotesque men, beasts, serpents, and fishes looks extremely like picture-writing. The horn, however, has a runic inscription, thus interpreted by Dr. Stephens:—"To the ever to be feared Forest God, Echleu dedicated this horn." The golden horn was found in 1734, and a still longer one had already been found in 1639. In 1802 both were stolen, and probably went straight to the melting-pot. Both were deeply interesting examples of ancient skill; and would be more interesting yet if we could accept the translation of the runes, not only "with reasonable satisfaction," but "with perfect certainty."

The most common staves are sepulchral inscriptions. Occasionally nothing but the dead man's name is given. The heathen Northmen had all the heroic Greek desire to be remembered, by aid of their barrow and pillar, after they had long departed. "Over thy dust did we pile a great and goodly tomb, we the holy host of Angive warriors, high on a jutting headland over wide Hellespont, that it might be far seen from off the sea by men that now are and by men that shall be hereafter." So says the ghost of Agamemnon to the ghost of Achilles; and we may compare the words of the dying Beowulf:—

build me a low
fair after fire-heap
At the flood dashed headland.
A *mine* shall it stand there
to my mates and landsmen,
high looming
on Hronness.
So that seafarers
sithence shall call it
BIOWULF'S BARROW
As their beak carved galleys
out of hazy distance
float haughtily by.

So Dr. Stephens translates the "noblest English epic," and the parallel between heroic Greeks and heroic Northmen is very striking. The maker of *Beowulf*, it will be observed, says nothing about inscriptions, any more than the poet of the *Odyssey* in the case of the burial of Elpenor or of Achilles. Yet we know that the heroic Northern grave-stones had their runic staves, and why not the heroic *stela* of Greece? But time "has rent the pillar from the tomb," and we have no examples of Homeric grave-steds. Dr. Stephens prints one runic mortuary inscription which must have been carved from the deck of a war-galley on the sheer face of the sea-cliff. Generally the staves merely name the hero and the place where he died, and tell us that "he slew many warriors." That was the brief record of a well-spent life. More touching are the runes on a sword-hilt which prove that a lady gave it to a man, her lover or brother, or lord or champion. An amulet is doubtfully read, "I bid thee go, O snake, against *Æla*," a "sending" of mischief after the ancient Icelandic fashion. The longest and most interesting inscription of all cannot here be given in full (p. 33-36). The height of the stone is 13 feet, the breadth 4 feet 8 inches. "This stands alone as a runish stone book." The "book" tells, in the name of a father, concerning the prowess of his son, a stripling, in battle. He

bides now, belted,
Battle steel holding,
Shield on his shoulder,
That shoot of the Marings,
Rest he so in his gallery.

The old King Warin, "a great lay-smith," bade Biar cut this dirge on the rock, and has raised an enduring monument. As interesting, in its way, is an inscribed small bronze figure, perhaps of Freya (p. 59) an example of barbaric art, not quite untouched by better influences, and conjecturally dated in the fourth century. Dr. Stephens's volume is full of similar treasures and of sound learning, expressed in his own quaint English.

THE MAMMALIA OF INDIA.*

MR. STERNDALE, whose *Seonee* is, or ought to be, a well-known book, has produced a volume on the natural history of the Indian fauna which makes very pleasant reading. We do not propose to review it from the merely scientific point of view, though Mr. Sterndale arranges his orders and his genera and gives technical as well as vernacular designations with all due pomp, if on a somewhat old-fashioned system. The book, however, is much less of a scientific treatise than of a collection of agreeable beast-stories, fascinating descriptions of fascinating animals, and illustrations to match. The author frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to other writers; but few of them, with the exception of Sir James Emerson Tennent, are writers much known to the ordinary English reader, and the material gathered from them is supplemented by abundant results of Mr. Sterndale's own observations. He seems to unite in a happy combination the characteristics of the sportsman, of the fancier or pet-keeper, and of the zoologist; and, if he seems to enjoy keeping the beasts and playing with them even more than putting ounces of lead into them, and then drying their skins and cutting up their carcasses, we do not know that we feel much less well disposed to him on that account.

Mr. Sterndale begins in the most approved fashion with the order *Primates*; but he does not profess to devote much space to

* *Natural History of the Mammalia of India and Ceylon.* By Robert A. Sterndale, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., &c., Author of "The Denizens of the Jungle" &c. Illustrated. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: Thacker & Co. 1884.

them. The order Bimana are, after all, and everywhere so exceedingly "bimanous"—if we may be permitted an adjective—that perhaps it is as well. Thus Mr. Sterndale, quoting another authority, informs us that the Andamanese women, "though affectionate to their children, are ruthless to the stranger." It is perhaps unnecessary to visit Port Blair in order to discover this peculiarity; we can study it with great accuracy and in numerous examples at London, England. But a mongoose is quite a different animal from a weasel; and, though the English cat is a very charming beast, it is inferior in beauty to *Felis diardi* and *Felis marmorata*, which latter, by the way, must be one of the loveliest animals in existence. Therefore we are not sorry when Mr. Sterndale at about his seventh page makes his bow to man—proud man.

He then becomes interesting at once, and describes a gibbon he had (not an historian nor a book, but a specimen of *Hylobates hoolock*) who must have been wholly delightful. This engaging anthropoid used to put his arm through Mr. Sterndale's, was extremely clean in his habits ("which," says Mr. Sterndale thoughtfully and truthfully, "cannot be said of all the monkey tribe"), and would not go to sleep without a pillow. Of course he died of consumption. The gibbon, however, as a pet has one weakness, that of "howling in a piercing and somewhat hysterical fashion for some minutes till exhausted." Less interesting personally than the gibbon, but an animal of very developed social instincts, is *Semnopithecus entellus*, otherwise the Bengal langur. The Bengal langur fights for his wives according to a custom not unheard of in other cases; but what is peculiar to him is that the vanquished males "receive the charge of all the young ones of their own sex, with whom they retire to some neighbouring jungle." Schoolmasters and private tutors will read this with interest, as showing the origin and early disabilities of their profession. Passing over many scores of intensely humorous bats, whom, alas! most people have only seen stuffed on neat little stands in museums, and scarcely fewer creatures of the mole kind (among these Mr. Sterndale chivalrously speaks a word for the musk-rat, who is nearly as much maligned and ill treated in India as his brother the shrew is, or was, in England), we come to the Carnivora, of whom it may be said that all animals would be Carnivora if they could. How bountifully India is provided with these every one knows vaguely, but few people, perhaps, accurately till they have refreshed their memories by looking at a book of zoology, taking India in the sensibly generous sense which Mr. Sterndale attaches to it—that is to say, as including the Himalayan regions, Burmah, &c. All bears are nice; but, as even careless visitors to the Zoological Gardens know, there are few bears so nice as the Indian sun-bears, as they are called—for what reason we never knew, any more than we know who told some naturalist that "helarctos" was Greek for "sun-bear." Sir Stamford Raffles had a sun-bear, which refused to eat any fruit but mangosteens or to drink any wine but champagne; there once was a cat in the United Kingdom which cared for no fish but red mullet and for no game but woodcock, if that is any parallel. The only occasion on which Sir Stamford's bear was ever known to be out of humour was once when no champagne was forthcoming. This, too, can be paralleled from the human race in these luxurious times. "What does the fellow mean by asking me to dinner," &c., that sun-bear thought to himself, no doubt. Another sun-bear, "left to itself" in more senses than one, began with a bottle of cherry brandy, and proceeded to one of blacking. Very similar cases are recorded of miners and of the late Professor Porson; so is the whole world one. *A propos* of bears, Mr. Sterndale "would like to set an old she-bear after the persons who lead bears about with rings." It would indeed be good sport.

The ailuropus of Thibet is as yet an uncaptured beast, at least alive. It is, or is said to be, a cross between a bear and the quaint but much smaller ailurus, of which the Zoological Gardens have, or had, a specimen. From these funny beasts, through the badgers (who seem to be very much like an English badger, but more splendid), we come to the immortal ratels, whom to see is to love, though affection may perhaps not be increased by the exercise of another sense; and the wolverines, who shade their eyes with their hands like Christians; and the martens and the weasels (by the way, Mr. Sterndale speaks of the pine-marten as "becoming scarce" in England; we thought it had almost entirely disappeared) and the polecats (Mr. Sterndale says ferrets are stupid; but we have heard trappers in England express a different opinion) and the otters, (the Canadian otter invented tobogganing; but Mr. Sterndale does not say whether it is practised by his Indian congener)—we come at last to tiger tiger burning bright, and the rest of the cats. Of the lion Mr. Sterndale says little, and that little on hearsay. There seems to be little doubt that it is dying out in India. Not so the tiger; and in regard to him we must commend some very sensible remarks of Mr. Sterndale's on the absurd nose-and-tail measurement of large game. As he justly says, the actual measurement is inaccurate and delusive, and rarely gives the same results when tried twice on the same subject, besides which the length of the tail and the size of the tiger are in anything but a constant ratio. With respect to the tiger's non-human enemies, Mr. Sterndale corroborates the statement that not only packs of wild dogs but even the boar will "go for" tigers and beat them, while he has a really wonderful buffalo story which we must quote:—

Buffalos in herds hesitate not in attacking a tiger; and I saw one instance of their saving their herdsman from a man-eater. My camp was

pitched on the banks of a stream under some tall trees. I had made a *détour* in order to try and kill this man-eater, and had sent on a hill tent the night before. I was met in the morning by the *khelasi* in charge, with a wonderful story of the tiger having rushed at him, but as the man was a romancer I disbelieved him. On the other side of the stream was a gentle slope of turf and bushes, rising gradually to a rocky hill. The slope was dotted with grazing herds, and here and there a group of buffalos. Late in the afternoon I heard some piercing cries from my people of "Bagh! Bagh!" The cows stamped, as they always do. A struggle was going on in the bush, with loud cries of a human voice. The buffalos threw up their heads, and, grunting loudly, charged down on the spot, and then in a body went charging on through the brushwood. Other herdsmen and villagers ran up, and a sharpoy was sent for and the man brought into the village. He was badly scratched, but had escaped any serious fang wounds from his having, as he said, seen the tiger coming at him, and stuffed his blanket into his open mouth, whilst he laboured him with his axe. Anyhow but for his buffalos he would have been a dead man in three minutes more.

On the vexed question whether there are two kinds of panthers or only one, Mr. Sterndale is on the side of the *Chorizontes*, and holds the pard to be distinct from the panther. Whether the fact that a pard once killed a panther that lived in the same cage, and ate part of it, is an argument on that side may be doubted; *homo homini lupus* and why not *panthera panthera*? Of the famous pardanthropic panther of Kahani (a most unpleasant *bisclaveret*, who began with his own wife and finished about three hundred people before he was shot by accident) others besides Mr. Sterndale have told, but Mr. Sterndale saw him, which is something. The tiger cats are of course delightful, and, as was said above, *Felis marmorata* (of which the Zoological Gardens do not seem to have ever had a specimen, though they had once a clouded panther, of which it is a kind of miniature) is the handsomest of all. Mr. Sterndale tells a very curious and characteristic story of a less uncommon wild cat. She became so tame that she would of her own accord climb on his knees when he was writing, and lie there. But she would never let him stroke her without at once snarling and spitting. English or rather Scotch wild kittens are said to behave in much the same manner; but we never heard of any one who was bold enough to take a full-grown Scotch wild cat in his lap. A page or two further the history of two kittens of *Felis rubiginosa* is very agreeable. *Felis manul*, a grey cat with a black shirt and markings, must be rather an uncanny-looking beast, but it seems to be rare. Again we may note a curious detail of the education of cheetahs. "Women and children are told off to sit all day close to the animals and keep up a conversation." The cheetahs, it would appear, rapidly become tractable; anything, they probably think, is better than this. Of mysangs and mungese (though that is not the proper plural) who shall speak in detail? But Mr. Sterndale had a mongoose which went for a large greyhound, and the greyhound bolted. We can only allude to the curious stories here told or quoted about the odd results of the similarity between wolf-dog and fox in India, which is such that a wolf will sometimes join a pack of dogs in hunting a fox, the Indian Isengrim evidently wishing to revenge the misadventures of his French or Flemish brother. Of the delights of the King of Oude, who sits and reads placidly in his cockatoo-house while half a hundred throats scream round him, and observes pleasantly, "The birds are singing a little this morning," of a famous rat-hunt on a polished marble floor, and of two mice who used to climb a parrot's perch at dinner-time, and sit in the food-boxes eating the parrot's provender, Mr. Sterndale must be left to tell himself. But it is necessary to observe that the parrot was wanting in proper pride, or those mice would assuredly not have done it twice.

We can find no more room for Mr. Sterndale, except to direct attention to an exquisite though not original sketch in the appendix, which represents a loris standing up for all the world like a small bear or a very hairy baby, and preparing to plunge at a cockroach. But it did not get the cockroach, which served it right for the coarseness of its taste in trying for anything so nasty.

THOUGHTS ON SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS.*

MR. CANNING must surely be jealous of the parsons. He has been to church, and has watched how a long sermon grows out of a short parable. He has thought that he, as well as the best of the preachers, could feebly tell in many words what had been already forcibly told in few. He has succeeded admirably, and has blown as big soap-bubbles as perhaps any that we have ever witnessed. He has not been troubled with modesty, but has chosen the greatest of all poets on whom to practise his art of expansion. There are writers whose brevity might have been some justification for such treatment as Mr. Canning ventures to use towards Shakespeare. Our nursery rhymes, for instance, are always brief and sometimes obscure. Beneath them there has been supposed by more than one ingenious commentator often to lurk political allusions. We could have patiently borne *Thoughts on Old Mother Hubbard*, or *The Philosophy of Little Jack Horner*. The rise and fall of Humpty Dumpty affords a legitimate subject for all the thinking that Mr. Canning could give to it. But Shakespeare's historical plays he should have left alone. About them he has nothing to say, though unfortunately he says it at great length. He leads his readers about just like the cobbler in *Julius Caesar*, but without his excuse; for it is only their patience and not their shoes that he wears out. Thereby most certainly

* *Thoughts on Shakespeare's Historical Plays.* By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning, Author of "Macaulay, Essayist and Historian," "Philosophy of Dickens," &c. &c. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

he does not get himself into more work. Let any one who would see the dulness of which poor human nature is capable compare the striking opening of that play with the first lines of the sketch of it as given by Mr. Canning:—

This play does not describe any of Caesar's extensive and wonderful foreign conquests. It begins in Rome, whither he returns after his victorious campaigns to be congratulated, applauded, and praised by his fellow-countrymen, many of whom wish to make him sole Ruler. He is offered the imperial crown, amid general acclamation; but two distinguished Romans, Brutus and Cassius—both sincere republicans—form a conspiracy, and eventually murder him. They are mistaken, however, in expecting general approval.

Antony, he goes on to tell us, was the middle-aged lieutenant of Julius Caesar. He was an able general. Cicero was a celebrated orator, and was executed soon after Brutus and Cassius had committed suicide. "His fate is not recorded by Shakespeare." When we read this we were ready to exclaim, almost as Brutus exclaimed to Messala when the news of the proscription had arrived, "Therein our letters do not well agree." Six pages further on, indeed, Mr. Canning himself stumbles on the truth, though he forgets to turn back to blot out his blunder. In describing the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius—"one of the most favourite passages," he informs us, "for modern declamation"—he writes:—"Cicero, their most illustrious ally, had been executed previously by Antony or his followers." By this time our author thinks it high time to give his authorities, and he refers us to "Tacitus, Suetonius, and *Student's History of Rome*." We shall next expect to find some village theologian defending his positions by quoting St. Paul, St. James, "and the Rev. Mr. Jones, our minister." Passing on, we are told that "to a man of Julius Caesar's patriotic mind and civilized ideas it was doubtless a grievous disappointment to perceive so many superior men among his foes." *Civilized ideas* is strange English for a student of Shakespeare to use, and *superior* is a strange term to apply to Roman conspirators. Let Antony's speech be henceforth amended, and let him say, even if the verse shall halt for it—"So are they all, all superior people." *Superior*, at all events, is English. As much cannot be said for *talented*, which mongrel adjective Mr. Canning applies to Octavius, Cicero, and Brutus. Further on he tells us that "Shakespeare makes Brutus anticipate Antony's suicide, or untimely death, with pleasure, which seems inconsistent with his kindly, generous nature." We thought that we knew the play fairly well, but we could not call to mind the lines on which this statement is based. They are the following:—

If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for Caesar;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Mr. Canning's paraphrase of the last two lines, apparently, would be after the following fashion:—"As this middle-aged lieutenant was given to dissipation, it would be a very happy thing, for all superior and talented people, if he were to commit suicide." But our author does worse than misunderstand Shakespeare; he misquotes him. He has so many words of his own that he has not room for the poet's. So, in one passage, quoting merely the words of the second citizen, he puts them in the mouths of the citizens in general.

He is not content with telling us what Shakespeare did write; he lets us know also what he might have written. "Caesar might," he says, "in Shakespeare's hands have made most interesting and instructive allusions to his foreign conquests and campaigns, especially in Britain." As Caesar was a man of what is called universal knowledge, he might, no doubt, without any violation of historical probability, have been made to give a lecture on cookery. Whether the play would have been the better for it is another question. When we reflect, not on what Caesar might have said, but on what Mr. Canning might have written, we may be thankful that he is contented with adding only one more to his list of curious epithets. He describes Octavius and Brutus as "the comparatively civilized associates" of Antony and Cassius; and in a few lines more brings his essay to a conclusion. In his sketch of *Antony and Cleopatra* he returns to his epithets. Caesar is called Antony's "late revered master." Perhaps we should congratulate ourselves that he is not called "the late lamented Julius." *Antony and Cleopatra* are described as "this unscrupulous pair." But we have written enough to show our readers of what kind of stuff this volume is made. Wherever we have dipped into it we have found the same folly and the same wordiness. It is a book that should not have been written and that cannot be read.

HISTORY FOR THE YOUNG.*

UNDER the name of *Stories from English History*, Mrs. Creighton has produced a pretty little book, "intended," as she says, "to serve as an amplification of the ordinary child's

* *Stories from English History*. By Louise Creighton, Author of "A First History of England," "Life of the Black Prince," &c. &c. With numerous illustrations. London: Rivingtons.

Cameos from English History—England and Spain. By the Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Fifth Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

Blackwood's Educational Series. Edited by Professor Melville John. First Historical Reader. Standard IV. *Britain and England; from before Christ to 1154 A.D.* Second Historical Reader. Standard V. *England from 1154 A.D. to 1603 A.D.* Third Historical Reader. Standards VI. and VII. *England from 1603 A.D. to the Present Time*. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

history." The narrative is pleasantly written, in a style which is clear and simple, without falling into the common error of becoming affectedly childish, and the subjects are for the most part well chosen. The endeavour to interest her young readers in the life and death of Sir Thomas More is praiseworthy, but we fear not very likely to be successful. More's greatness is not of the kind that a child can well appreciate, nor is the cause for which he suffered sufficiently definite and comprehensible to appeal to a child's sympathies. The latter objection equally applies to the case of William, Lord Russell, whom Mrs. Creighton persistently styles Lord William Russell, an inaccuracy which she did not learn either from Burnet or Macaulay. In the story called "A Scottish Raid," she makes as it were an inroad upon the domain where Sir Walter Scott reigns supreme; but there is some freshness in the attempt to awaken sympathy for the plundered Northumbrians as well as for the plundering Scots. We should like to know whence she derives the statement that the Scots "rode on strong little ponies called Galloways," because the term, as at present accepted in equine literature, denotes a large pony—between thirteen and fourteen hands high—and the pure-bred galloway of old days is said to have been sometimes more than fourteen hands. In the legend of the Battle of Stamford Bridge it would have been well to point out distinctly where the details of the Saga are manifestly untrustworthy. That English horsemen bore the brunt of the battle is inconsistent with everything that we know of the composition of English armies in the eleventh century; and the horses "covered all over with armour" are a sheer anachronism, for we have the evidence of the Bayeux Tapestry that even the Normans, much as they relied upon cavalry, had not advanced to the point of armouring their horses. "The conversion of the English," familiar as the tale is, deserves praise as being gracefully re-told; and the biographical sketches of Lady Jane Grey and Bishop Latimer, the episodes of Sir Philip Sidney's death, Raleigh's first expedition to Guiana, and the stirring incidents of Sir Richard Grenville's fight in the *Revenge*, are all good. Coming down to later times, the stories of Clive, Nelson, and Sir John Moore are quite the kind of thing to rouse the interest of children. The illustrations claim credit as being "from authentic sources," in which case it would have been well always to indicate the source. No date or any other information is attached to the frontispiece of "Knights tilting"—delightfully grotesque figures, but of a drawing only to be excused in a mediæval artist. In the "old print" of the Powder Plot, the representation of the all-seeing Eye of God (with a long and solid ray of light like a spear proceeding from it) will, we should think, puzzle children, unless they should be so old-fashioned as to be acquainted with the awful history in *The Fairchild Family* of Emily's vision after she stole the "damascenes"—in which case it may frighten them. The sketches of well-known portraits of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh deserve praise, and "The Seven Bishops going to the Tower" reproduces what is evidently a good contemporary print, and probably true to life.

Of the Fifth Series of Miss Yonge's *Cameos*, which cover "the period of the great struggle between England and Spain," there is no need to say much more than that they have the merits and the blemishes of the preceding volumes. Most people will probably be inclined to think that in history as in fiction Miss Yonge is apt to overcrowd her canvas, and that the effect is sometimes a little bewildering. At the same time there is no doubt that girls in their teens—for whom we take these *Cameos* to be especially intended—are, when they like their author, much more patient readers than older people; and whatever exception may be taken to Miss Yonge's method, few living writers have done so much to inspire a taste for history in young people. The period treated of in this volume is one with which she has already dealt in two of the most pleasing of her historical stories; and as it calls up reminiscences of the *Chapel of Pearls*, we forgive what a stern critic might consider a waste of space over the ballet which preceded the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Perhaps the supposed daughter of Mary Queen of Scots and Bothwell would hardly have been mentioned had not the author already made her the heroine of *Unknown to History*. On the question of the guilt or innocence of Queen Mary Miss Yonge will not commit herself: but, though she is inclined to reject the "Casket letters," she says:—"We fear that only by forcing stubborn facts and denying much contemporary evidence can Mary be supposed a guiltless victim." The volume ends with the death of Mary's great rival, Elizabeth, which is well and pathetically described, but without the usual exaggeration of its painful side; for, as the author observes, "compared with such scenes as took place at other royal death-beds," it does not appear that the dying hours of Elizabeth were darkened by neglect or lack of royal affection. Miss Yonge has satisfied herself of the truth of the story about Essex and the ring, and consequently believes that the Queen did, at least in the popular sense of the term, die of a broken heart—that is, that grief and remorse left her no power of rallying against her "casual ailment" of a sore throat. We observe that the author repeats—in this case without suggesting any doubt—the story, which of late years has been somewhat discredited, of the Bishop of Lisieux preventing a massacre of the Huguenots. And we should like to know whether she has authority for saying that in Elizabeth's time the recusant laity were sometimes put to the *peine forte et dure* for refusing to give evidence. One ordinarily connects that punishment with a refusal to plead.

The three anonymous "Historical Readers" edited by Professor Meiklejohn are designed "to meet the requirements of the New Code and the instructions to H.M. Inspectors," and are adapted respectively to Standards IV. to VII. Without entering into the mysteries of the New Code, we may say that these books, albeit with many attractive features, just fall short of the standard which we should set up for a school-book. We acknowledge the unusual excellence of the paper and the printing, and the clearness of the numbered paragraphs with their headings in "Clarendon" type, after the fashion of the well-known school series published by Messrs. Macmillan. We like the pleasant and easy style of the narrative, and the tone of real interest in, and feeling for, the greatness and welfare of England—witness the little exhortation to patriotism with which the third volume concludes. Poetical pieces, for the most part not ill chosen, are intermixed with the prose; and there are genealogical tables and maps for use, and pictures for pleasure. But the maps stand in need of some improvement; for in that of the Danelagh, King Alfred has been done out of all his territory between the Thames and the Ouse; and in those of the Continental dominions of Henry II. and Edward III., the map-maker has been seized with a perverse fancy for locating Guienne where Gascony should be, and he has omitted to mark Edward III.'s possessions of Calais and Ponthieu. Of the pictures, many are pretty; but we are again distressed by horsemen fighting at Stamford Bridge; also by the conventional moustached portrait of William the Conqueror (though the author has only a few pages before described the Normans as "clean-shaven"), and by a Joan of Arc in female attire on an occasion when she is known to have dressed as a man. A portrait which is recognizable as that of the younger William Pitt is placed opposite the first mention of the elder; a confusion for which the writer's failure to mark any clear distinction between the two Pitts is perhaps responsible. To begin at the beginning, from which the pictures have diverted us, it is exasperating to come upon nearly a whole chapter devoted to the Druids, the Arch-Druid, the mistletoe, the sacred knife, the rites practised within Stonehenge—in short, all the stage business of *Norma*. Everybody by this time—except the compilers of school-books—is aware that our knowledge of British Druidism is of the smallest, and that there is no authority whatever for such a statement as that "The Arch-Druid was the greatest man among the British people." When we get to the English period, we find ourselves confronted with the barbarism of "Witena-gemote" for Witenagemot; and sheer carelessness only can account for the statement that "Æthelstan was succeeded by 'six boy-kings,' who had very short reigns, and no one of whom did very much good to England." This is the way in which the author disposes of the hero Eadmund, conqueror of the Five Boroughs and of Cumberland, and of Eadred, whose reign is marked by the submission of Northumberland. Of Edgar he gives an account sufficiently full to show the absurdity of his previous statements; and though the sixth of his list, Æthelred, certainly did little good, his reign of thirty-seven years cannot well be called "very short." Æthelred's wife Emma is said to have been the sister of a "Northman who had made himself Duke of Normandy"—which would be a more accurate description of her great-grandfather Rolf than of her brother Duke Richard. Her son, Edward the Confessor, is represented as having been half-brother to Harold I., with whom he had not a drop of blood in common. The legendary parentage of Hereward, whose family is in truth unknown, is given as an undoubted fact; and, in describing the events of Stephen's reign, the author speaks of "Robert of Caen, who was afterwards created Earl of Gloucester." In fact he held that rank long before Stephen ascended the throne. In the second "Reader," the subdeacon Pandulf is, in defiance of Lingard, described as Legate at the time of John's famous submission; and Philip of Valois is made to announce himself as "the fortune of France"—an expression now admitted to be founded upon a misreading of Froissart. The story also of Queen Philippa's marching in person against the Scots is now so discredited that it ought not to be repeated in elementary histories; and by this time instructors of youth should be able to distinguish John Tyler of Dartford—he who in defence of his daughter slew the tax-gatherer—from Wat Tyler of Maidstone. The introduction of the lines on the death of the Black Prince which Scott, probably not thinking them good enough for any one else, attributed to young Frank Osbaldistone, is injudicious. Without going as far as Osbaldistone *père*—"Why, the bellman writes better lines,"—we may say that their merit is not high enough to atone for their conveying the false notion that the hero from his deathbed saw

The splendour of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,
And Blaye's empurpled shore.

"Garonne and sun," again to quote Frank's stern parent, "is a bad rhyme"; and if Mr. Osbaldistone's studies had lain in a historical direction, he would no doubt have gone on to point out that the Black Prince actually died on the banks of the Thames. However, we prefer even *Garonne* rhyming with *sun* to some of the directions laid down in this and the preceding "Reader" for the pronunciation of French names. Mantes, we are told, is to be pronounced "Maungt"; Caen is "Caung"; Tencheyray "Tong-shébray"; Blois is lengthened into "Bló-á," and Poitiers into "Po-á-ti-eh"; Anjou is "Angzoo," and Angevin "Ong-jé-vang"—an admirable reproduction of French "as she is spoke" by the ordinary British tourist. The idea of appending to each section explanations of hard words is good in itself; but

many of the explanations actually given could surely be as well, and in some cases better, given by any intelligent teacher. *Awkward* does not seem so abstruse a term as to need a note, nor is "curious and unfortunate" a very satisfactory equivalent. *Laymen* are said to be "men not belonging to the Church," as if all laymen were Jews, Turks, infidels, or heretics. In reference to Thomas Becket's austerities, the annotator uses the term "Roman Catholic priests," which is entirely out of place at that period. He is very precise in his information about King Arthur, who, he states, "became ruler of Britain in 516 A.D.," "instituted the order of the Knights of the Round Table," and "died in 542." This is the more noteworthy because the author of the preceding volume, to whose period Arthur properly belongs, has judiciously refrained from fixing a single date in the life of that prince. The third volume is the best of the set; but it is unjustifiable to introduce as history an abridgement of the scene of Raleigh and his cloak from *Kenilworth*, giving the dialogue between him and the Queen, and even her blushes, without a hint that they are taken out of a novel. It is new to us that Cromwell's troops marched to battle at Dunbar chanting the Psalm "Let God arise," though undoubtedly Cromwell himself was heard to quote it. The Psalm that was sung was the CXVII. The information that "The King of Bavaria is an under-king of the Emperor of the Germans, and his army is therefore at the command of his overlord," is not apposite as a note on the battle of Blenheim; for there was no King of Bavaria then; and wherever the Elector of Bavaria's army ought to have been, as a matter of fact it was fighting for the French. And it is enough to make the Wesleys turn in their graves to read that "in this reign three great men, John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield, left the *Church of England*." Every one who knows anything of early Methodism knows that as long as its founder lived he maintained its connexion with the Church. The meaning of "hereditary" is certainly not made plainer when it is interpreted as "handed down as an heirloom from father to son." It is possible for "a plain man"—to use one of Macaulay's favourite expressions—to know what is meant by "hereditary," but it takes a lawyer to define an heirloom. We must give the writer credit for understanding the true meaning of the "Three Estates"; but from his saying that "the archbishops and bishops of England" "are elected by the Sovereign," it would seem that he is not acquainted with the mystery of a *congré d'élu*. Also he should not class "royal dukes" as a distinct rank of nobility.

It will be seen from what we have said that these "Readers" cannot be unreservedly recommended. The authors show undeniable narrative power, but there was need of more thorough historical training and more careful editorship.

SOME AMERICAN BOOKS.

PROFESSOR J. E. NOURSE'S book on *American Explorations in the Ice-Zones* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) is one that can be read with advantage by those interested in the subject. The part which America has borne in the work of Arctic exploration fully justifies the appearance of such a book. If the manner in which the story is told is somewhat heavy, the interest which attaches to the story itself, and the free use which its nature compels him to make of the narratives of others, render the book an interesting one. It is copiously illustrated, and a good deal that lacks vividness in the narrative is made up for by the pictures. The chief impulse to American research in this direction was given, Professor Nourse tells us, by the voyages of Sir John Franklin. The author gives a list of twenty-nine expeditions, English or American, undertaken either in the hope of relieving him or of finding fuller traces of his last expedition. The accounts of Arctic travel, though such voyages are of the highest interest and importance, are in their nature somewhat monotonous. Icebergs and icefloes, snow and frost, play so great a part in all of them that (apart from the greater importance of Arctic investigation) one feels as if one had been wading through the last dozen numbers of the *Alpine Journal*. The book begins with full accounts of the travels of Grinnell and Kane, and, among other narratives of interest, gives a touching account of the untoward fate of Hall and of De Long.

MR. ARTHUR GILMAN'S *History of the American People* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) figures with propriety in a "Library of Entertaining History." It is profusely illustrated, and contains pictures of an Indian papoose, of the house in which Mr. Whittier was born, of a house in Concord from which the wife of the Rev. W. Emerson watched the fighting, and of the monument on Bunker Hill. The latter recalls to our mind a story of an Englishman who was taken by an American friend to see this memorial. "It was here, sir," said the American, "that General Warren fell." The Englishman, not being familiar with all the names and incidents of that period, imagined that his friend referred to some recent accident, and, glancing at the height of the monument, said he feared that General Warren must have been hurt. One little fact will show that Mr. Gilman's love of his own country does not always allow him to be fair to others. In giving an account of the war which began between England and America in 1812 he can find space for a notice of the sea-fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, in which the Americans were victorious, but none for the not less important one between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, in which they were defeated; nor does he mention the fact that the weight

of metal carried by the American ships in that war was much greater than that of the English. Perhaps this is mere carelessness; for in the account of the Virginian campaign between the Federals and Confederates in the year 1862, he makes the seat of war pass at once from the neighbourhood of Richmond into Maryland, without noticing the intervening battles at the end of August in the neighbourhood of Manassas. If the Federal forces had not been wholly defeated in these battles Lee would not have been able to invade Maryland. The book is readable and popular in its tone, but has no pretension to historical value. Indeed, no such claim on its behalf is put forward.

Dr. Taussig writes an interesting little book on *Protection to Young Industries* (New York: G. B. Putnam's Sons). Starting from the remark of Mill that in certain cases such protection is justifiable, he proceeds to examine whether the system adopted in the United States has really attained its object. He examines in succession the history of the cotton, the woollen, and the iron manufactures in America, and shows that in these three main branches of industry, as, in all probability, in nearly all others of less importance, the protective system was not the cause of their rapid development. With or without protective laws, these industries could not fail to have flourished and grown. There is a great deal of curious and important information condensed into this little book. Few people have any clear notion of the vast difference between international trade a century ago and the same trade now. In 1740 we were importing bar-iron from the American colonies. The changes in American as well as European industries caused by new mechanical discoveries and new industrial methods are clearly shown by Dr. Taussig. Thus the use of coke instead of charcoal in blast furnaces, which became general about a century ago, gave England at once a pre-eminence over those countries, like Sweden or the American colonies, which depended for their supply of fuel on wood. The beds of anthracite in America could not then be utilized. The so-called protection of young industries, when brought to the test of fact in the United States, turns out, according to Dr. Taussig, to be a mere mystification. The book treats of one side only of the question, and attempts no more. But the writer is fully alive to other aspects of it. The present arguments for protection in America take a different form, the main argument being based on the cheapness of foreign as compared with American labour. And, as the writer acutely points out, during and after the war with England in the early part of this century (when American manufactures were imperfectly developed), the desire arose among Americans to make themselves, in the event of war, self-sufficient. No doubt this feeling has much to do with Prince Bismarck's protective policy.

Mr. E. J. Lowell's *The Hessians in the Revolution* (New York: Harper Brothers) is a narrative, carefully worked out, of the part played by the German auxiliaries of England in the war between the mother-country and the colonies.

Mr. Church's *Stories of the Old World* (Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.) is a book published in the series of "Classics for Children." It seems to us much too elaborate for the purpose, and much too full of Homeric and Virgilian speeches boiled down into prose. Children want to read of action more than of talk. Kingsley's "Heroes" would touch a child's mind with ten times as much power as this book.

The Story of a Country Town, by E. W. Howe (Atchison, Kas.: Howe & Co.) is a tale of Western life in America. There is a good deal of vigour in the plan of the story, but it cannot be said to be well told.

Pictures and Stories from American History, by Uncle Ned (Springfield, Mass.: Milton, Bradley, & Co.), conducts the childish mind from the discovery of America to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Not to speak of the British defeats here depicted, there is a flaming representation of General Scott's entry into Mexico, with which the American youth might with advantage compare some of *The Bigelow Papers*.

ARCHER-HIND'S PHÆDO.*

IT is not without a feeling of anxiety, of apprehension even, that we take up an edition of the *Phædo*, bearing a name not yet familiar to readers of Greek literature, nor, perhaps, of assured significance in the narrower circle of students in Platonic philosophy. This is, we believe, the first time that Mr. Archer-Hind steps out of the respectable seclusion of the *Journal of Philology*, and brings his contribution to the public table. His official position at Cambridge proves him a sound scholar, in the ordinary sense of the words, and academic rumour has long represented him as having higher claims. No one, indeed, could have read what he has previously published, small as it is in amount, without discovering that he is both careful and original, and that an exposition by him of a dialogue of Plato was likely to repay curiosity. But this did not guarantee a good, or even a tolerable, edition of the *Phædo*. There are Greek scholars of the most extensive learning, there are metaphysicians and moralists of the greatest power and acuteness, whom we cannot without something like a shudder imagine laying expository hands upon that book. Of all human writings—we fear no

* *The Phædo of Plato*. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by R. D. Archer-Hind, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

misunderstanding—the *Phædo* of Plato is perhaps the most sacred. There is one tragedy, and only one in the world's history, which has stirred the hearts of men more profoundly, which has soothed and encouraged a greater number of noble spirits than the death of Sokrates. The dialogue in which the narration of this death is used to frame an argument upon soul in general and the human soul, and to set forth the doctrine "that the wise and virtuous man will meet death with cheerfulness," is in theme almost without a rival in literature, in art incomparable. We give to the present editor, not indeed all the praise that he deserves, but the praise which in such a matter we should rate most highly, when we say that he is worthy of his subject, that he has printed no sentence, we may almost say no word, which should not have been found within the same covers as the text.

One advantage Mr. Archer-Hind possesses over the majority of those who undertake to re-introduce great works to the reader—it will scarcely be said that the time does not call for the exercise of such a function. Mr. Archer-Hind is the colleague and, as appears from his preface, the intimate friend of Mr. Henry Jackson, and acknowledges his assistance—we had almost said his collaboration—in the strongest language. Now upon the development of Plato's philosophy "an entirely new and most important light has been thrown by Mr. Jackson in a masterly series of essays recently published in the *Journal of Philology*, Vols. X. and XI." Whatever may be the ultimate judgment upon Mr. Jackson's theories, this friendly sentence cannot be disputed. They are borrowed from no one, either in this country or elsewhere, they concern no less vital a question for the history of human thought than whether the writings of Plato record the growth and maturity of a consistent scheme or the shifting phases of a controversy determined mainly by artistic motives, and they have been set forth with at least such *prima facie* probability as, whether they are accepted or not, will render it impossible to ignore them. For the promised edition of the *Phædo* by Mr. Jackson we are waiting, and the present book is the first continuous exposition of a Platonic dialogue as seen under the new doctrines. A few brief quotations must here suffice to indicate their surprising interest. Mr. Archer-Hind, after stating (p. 34) the principle of Sokrates, "that knowledge is of universals," and describing the development from this of Plato's ideal theory, in which the universal becomes an essential idea prior to the particulars of which it is the cause, while "between the primal unity and the infinite multitude of particulars" we have "a definite number of classes . . . and each of these classes represents an idea," continues as follows:—

This is the stage of the middle Platonism; as yet the ideas are simply hypostasiations of every logical concept. . . . The particulars in every group derive their nature and existence from the immanence, *παρονεία*, of the idea. The *Republic* is the chief exponent of this phase of Plato's metaphysics . . . its main distinguishing characteristics are the assumption of an idea for every group of particulars, and the inherence of the idea in the particulars. . . . But Plato presently finds reason to be dissatisfied with this expression of his theory; the difficulties and deficiencies he sees therein are stated with overwhelming force in the earlier part of the *Parmenides*. The points which chiefly demanded correction were the contents of the ideal world and the relation between ideas and particulars. . . . instead of an idea corresponding to every group of particulars, we now have only an idea for every group which is naturally and not artificially determined; thus all ideas of *σκευαρία* are abolished. Next relations are reduced from the rank of ideas to that of universal predicates . . . so that we no longer have ideas of great and small. . . . Finally, ideas of negations are abolished, such as evil, unjust, &c. Therefore one great criterion of the stage to which a dialogue belongs will be the nature of the ideas that are assumed in it.

Again:—

In the middle period the idea exists (a) transcendently; (b) immanent in the particulars. In the period to which we have now come, the transcendental existence of the idea alone is allowed; the particulars no longer participate in the idea, but are regarded as copies, *μημήματα*, of the ideal type, *παράδειγματα*. . . . The later metaphysic is unfolded in the *Parmenides*, *Sophist*, and *Phædo*, and consummated in the *Timæus*. It is needless to say that this, with its noticeable "consummation," is a very different view of Platonism and the history of Platonism—a very different view of the *Phædo* and *Timæus* from that which will be found in the common text-books; still more different from the notion, if there be any definite notion, which is carried away by those who study Plato in popular translations. The mere possibility that it may be true, and that "guided by these landmarks we shall find it no hard matter to determine the bearings of" a Platonic dialogue, must be sufficient to awaken the highest interest in students of ancient philosophy, and this edition of the *Phædo* will show how much light may be derived from it. But, in order that it may be properly judged, we must have expositions by the Cambridge Platonists at least of the all-important *Phædo* and *Timæus*. Mr. Jackson has promised the *Phædo*. Will not Mr. Archer-Hind commence upon the *Timæus* at once?

No position can be more important to those who look in Plato for a philosophy than that defended by the editor (Introduction, § 4), that the famous tripartite division of the soul (in the *Phædo* and elsewhere) is metaphorical, and as such does not contradict the serious doctrine of Plato, that "the soul is essentially simple and incomposite." This doctrine, obvious as it may soon appear, is, we believe, entirely due to the editor, and is, in our judgment, already made out, which it would perhaps be premature to affirm of the striking theory sketched in the last paragraph. Not less new, and scarcely less interesting, is the clearing up of Chap. XLVIII. in the *Phædo*, part of the narration by Plato's "Sokrates" of the history of his own mind.

The editor holds that the study of "concepts" (*λόγοι*) which "Sokrates" proposed to himself was a substitute not, as commonly represented, for the study of nature by the methods of the physicists, but for the study of "the eternal ideas" and in particular of "τὸ δύαθον as the ultimate cause working in nature." In short, "Sokrates" made an essay at Platonism, and failing fell back upon the "concepts." Here, again, the editor has completely satisfied us, and this is but one among many points to which we would gladly direct attention, did space permit. We hope, however, that we have said enough to send the reader to the book itself. We recommend it, in particular, to those who may have persuaded themselves or others that "English scholarship is chiefly borrowed from the Germans." A consideration of those views only which are here reproduced from English sources, and of the dates of their first production, should suggest some wholesome reflexions upon the true causes of this curious belief.

Apart from his original discoveries the editor has done his work thoroughly well. The English style is clear, and, as a rule, singularly graceful, and, whether upon the arguments or the language of the author, he is, speaking generally, a safe guide. As we put this statement so widely, it may not be impudent to add that we have studied minutely the whole of his introduction and commentary. We like him least in some of his remarks upon the reading of the text. He seems a little impatient of these questions, a feeling with which we can thoroughly sympathize, while we deprecate it. Chapter XLVIII. will again serve for an example. We have already said that his exposition of this chapter seems to us perfectly sound. A certain clause, however, is likely, thinks the editor, to be made the basis of objections. No just objections can be founded upon it, and we are glad that the editor has carefully avoided the appearance of staking his exposition upon the strength of his criticisms against the genuineness of this clause, which appear to us quite unsubstantial. It is curious that the only place in which we find the editor confused in thought is in a passage which he suspects of interpolation. The notes on *ἴποθεσίς* and *τὰ ὄρυγματα* (101 D, E) are inconsistent, and if the true interpretations of the second note be extended to the former, "the most serious objection of all" falls to the ground. The text remains faulty, but the editor's treatment of it is arbitrary, or at all events inadequately supported. And so in some other places. On the other hand, we entirely agree in the rejection of the glosses in 75 B and 76 E, which betray themselves by misuse of Platonic language. As glosses they are highly interesting, and the probable origin and motive of them would be a suggestive theme.

As we have demurred to a few of the editor's textual criticisms, we propose to give him what he may perhaps consider an excellent opportunity for retaliation. At page 66 B Sokrates observes that the genuine philosopher will regard death as the short cut to the goal of his life's endeavour—namely, the withdrawal of the soul from its embarrassing communion with the body. With the editor's explanation of this passage we agree. But what of the text? For the sense that "death is a short cut, &c." we find simply *κινδυνεύει τοι ὥσπερ ἀπράτος τις ἐκφέρειν ἡμάς*, that is to say, the word "death," the point and subject of the sentence, is omitted. The editor thinks that "possibly something like ὁ *θάνατος*" is still missing, and this assumption is surely indispensable to his view. Now, that this excluded "something" was in letters "like ὁ *θάνατος*" is on scientific grounds utterly improbable. We, therefore, aid the editor (though we are not sure of his recognition) when we offer the explanation, that as Plato in another part of the dialogue avails himself of the unforeseen meaning (*τὸ δεύτερον*) to be detected in the popular phrase (*εἰς Άΐδων*) for the place of the dead, and as elsewhere he often delights to quote the undesigned witness of language to the truth he would enforce, so here he is pointing out that the philosophic view of death as the path straight home was unconsciously foreshadowed in popular speech when, among other names, Death was called and figured by the name of *Ἄργος*. Thus the missing thought is found; and, whether we leave the text as it stands, taking *ἀπράτος*, as it were, in both senses, or whether we write *κινδυνεύει τοι ὥσπερ ἀπράτος τις ἡ Ἄργος ἐκφέρειν ἡμάς*, restoring the words *ἡ Ἄργος* to a place whence they would have easily dropped, is a subordinate and not important question.

We have almost filled the space at our disposal, and yet we have not half represented this pleasant and valuable book. Like all good books, it cannot be represented, it must be read. We return finally to our first judgment—the commentator is worthy of his text. Nowhere does he better approve his tact than in his comment on the conclusion—*ὅτε ἡ τιλευτή, ἡ Ἐκέκπατος, τοῦ ἑταίρον ἡμίν ἔγενετο, διδρός, ὡς ἡμεῖς φάμεν ἄν, τῶν τότε δύο ἐπειράθμενος ἀριστον καὶ ἄλλος φρονιστόν καὶ δικαιοτόν*. Innumerable must have been the tearful eyes which have spelt doubtfully the words of this simple sentence. We are glad that Mr. Archer-Hind protests against a single omission or alteration which would mar "the sad music of this solemn close."

CAVE-HUNTING IN SOUTH POLAND.*

THE pursuit which Professor Boyd Dawkins has happily designated "cave-hunting" has rendered such valuable results to science that we gladly welcome any account of fresh labours in the same field; especially when, as in the present instance, the work was carried on in caves the privacy of which had not been

* *The Bone Caves of Ojcow, in Poland.* By Professor Dr. Ferd. Römer. Translated by John Edward Lee, F.G.S., F.S.A. London. 1884.

invaded since the far-off days when the last human successor of the cave-bear discarded flint flakes and bone ornaments, and, exchanging his hill-side fastness for a cottage in the plain, became a tiller of the earth, instead of a hunter of beasts only a trifle more savage than himself. The nine caves of which Professor Römer describes the exploration in the volume before us are situated near the village of Ojcow (pronounced Ojczoff), just within the Russian frontier, a few miles to the north-west of Cracow. They all occur in a white limestone of the oolitic formation—the prevailing rock of the district—which bounds the narrow valleys trending in a south-easterly direction towards the main valley of the Upper Vistula. The author admits that "the character of the caves is exactly like that of other caves in limestone rocks," and that they "more particularly resemble those of the Franconian oolite in the district of Streitberg and Muggendorf," which have yielded such wonderful rewards to their explorers; but, though the general result of the investigations of these caves may not present any novel features, we quite agree with him that it was well worth while to have undertaken it, as they are the most easterly of any European caves north of the Carpathians, and it is important to determine the conditions under which mammalian life was developed in all parts of the world where it is possible to study its evidences.

The caves began to be explored in 1872, for the purpose of removing the earth with which their floors were covered to the depth of several feet. It was expected that, as it was full of bones, it would form an excellent manure; but the expense of removal was too great, and the scheme was soon abandoned. In the course of the works a few bones and prehistoric flint implements were discovered and sent to Professor Römer, at whose instance the Royal Prussian Ministry of Instruction, and afterwards the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, granted funds for a thorough scientific investigation of the caves. So far as we can make out the history of the proceedings, the Professor first visited the caves in 1874; but matters moved so slowly that the grant of funds was not made until 1878. It is not, therefore, surprising that many valuable specimens had been lost in the interval, during which we may suppose that the removal of the earth for agricultural purposes was still going on; but it will hardly be credited that, even after two scientific bodies had taken the work under their imperial protection, it was conducted so carelessly that the author admits that it cannot be always positively stated from which bed in the caves the specimens found were taken. In all work in caves this is the most important point; for, as they were occupied successively by different inhabitants, whose remains lie in distinct and separate beds, it will be at once recognized that our knowledge of the relations of one set of occupants to another must depend on the exact notation of the objects discovered. One of the caves, however—that of Wierszchow, called Mammoth Cave, from the number of remains of that animal found in it—was fortunately explored with the greatest care between 1873 and 1879 by a private gentleman, Count John Zawisza, of Warsaw, who has recorded his observations separately in a series of papers contributed to various scientific journals. If we may assume that the condition of this particular cave did not differ essentially from that of the others near it, we are in a position to estimate with tolerable accuracy the value of the evidence obtained throughout the district.

In the most ancient times to which the investigations conduct us the caves were evidently the dens of bears (*Ursus spelæus*). If we take the largest of the caves—that of Jerzmanowice—as an example, we meet with the following account (p. 5):—

The remains of this animal were by far the most abundant. Bones, skulls, and single teeth occur in all parts of the cave in great abundance, and in fact both in the upper and lower beds; they were most plentiful in the lower beds, at a depth of five metres. No perfect skeleton was ever found, but only single bones and skulls. The number of individual animals buried in the deposits of the cave is extraordinary, and may be reckoned by thousands. Although only a very small portion of the floor of the cave was excavated by us, yet the bears' canines collected by us formed a heap a foot high. Besides this, a very large number of teeth of this description must have been found and given away in the country by the labourers when digging the brown earth for manure; the regular form and shining smooth crown of the tooth must have attracted their attention. My belief is that we should not be far wrong in estimating the whole number of canines of the cave-bear found in the cavern at least 4,000; so that, as each animal had four canines, this would make the number of individual bears 1,000. But, as only a third of the floor of the cave has been hitherto excavated, the whole number of animals ought to be reckoned much higher. We cannot, of course, imagine that so large a number of these animals lived at the same time in the cave, or even in the surrounding district; but there was doubtless a period of extraordinary length during which a long series of many succeeding generations of these animals lived in the cave, and, when they died, their remains were covered by the *débris* of the rock. If we could venture to imagine that, like recent bears, only one family could live at the same time in the cave, and that the lifetime of the cave-bear was of the same duration as that of the brown bear, to which it is so nearly allied, we should have some kind of data on which to found the length of the period when the cave was inhabited by bears.

The observations of Count Zawisza led to the same conclusion in the Mammoth Cave, where the remains of bears "were especially abundant in the lowest bed of the floor"; and the number of their bones found in the remaining caves renders it more than probable that their destination was the same. A remarkable fact was, however, established by the exploration of these caves, and more especially that of Jerzmanowice—namely, that man and the bear had certainly been co-existent. Bones of bears were found among those which had evidently been split for the purpose of extracting the marrow, and were charred by the

action of fire and mixed with charcoal and pieces of pottery; and "a bed of solid stalagmite lying several feet deep contained a vertebra of the cave-bear firmly imbedded, and also an undoubted flint implement made by human hands." It is probable therefore that after this cave had been occupied by many generations of bears it became a human habitation, and that its new inhabitants fed upon the bears which were still living in the neighbouring caves. Another proof of this was afforded by the cave of Kozarnia, which yielded a bear's tooth bored with a small hole, as though it had been worn as an ornament upon a string. The cave-hyena (*Hyæna spelæa*), which was evidently so plentiful in other parts of Germany and in Britain, at what we may take to have been a corresponding period, was here extremely rare; and so was the great cat of the caves (*Felis spelæa*). On the other hand, important evidence occurred to show that the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) had been contemporary both with the bears and with man in this district. The now classical explorations of the cave at Gailenreuth in Franconia, of which Dean Buckland has left so graphic a description, attested the former fact; and the latter has been amply proved by the examination of various caves in France; but we believe that this is the first time that the two facts have been brought together in such close juxtaposition. Five of these caves yielded bones of the mammoth, and in one of them, that of Wierschow, five contiguous vertebrae belonging to the same animal were found together. Professor Römer considers that this fact proves that "the whole body had been brought into the cave and buried there." We cannot accept this conclusion, but would rather suggest that the discovery proves that either man or the bears had brought what would have been a dainty morsel to either of them into the cave, and there eaten it at their leisure. There is nothing in the habits of the elephant to indicate a wish to retire into a cave at the approach of death; and no one would have been at the pains of deliberately burying an animal of such a stature. Moreover, a rib of a mammoth, one end of which had been worked into a handle, and numerous ornaments of ivory, were discovered; especially some curious staves a foot long, the destination of which is very perplexing, which were found in the cave of Wierschow, associated with rough flint implements, and with bones of the reindeer, wolf, and Polar fox. These may, of course, have been made out of tusks of animals which had died long before, discovered on the hill-side; but we think it is more likely that a race of hunters, such as these men must have been, would carve them, as trophies, out of the tusks of animals which they had themselves slain. The other animals whose bones are usually found together in caves were nearly all represented here, but their numbers appear to have been comparatively small. Of the rhinoceros only a few teeth and some single bones were discovered; of the elk there were bones and antlers in abundance; the reindeer and the ursus (*Bos primigenius*) were both rare. It may be conjectured that all these animals had been killed, and their bones gnawed to pieces by the bears. The fragments would become gradually decomposed during the long period which must have elapsed since the bears were in existence, and help to form the bed of earth which first attracted explorers to the caves. We cannot agree with Professor Römer's theory that the discovery of a reindeer's antler attached to the skull proves that the animal died a violent death. Such a condition of the bone merely shows that the animal died at a time of year when the horn was attached to the skull.

The articles of human workmanship do not present any peculiarity. The most important of them are figured in the plates. There are flint flakes, flint knives, spindle-wheels of baked clay, boring instruments of bone, bone needles and arrow-heads, and various ornaments. It must not, however, be supposed that these are all of the same date or belonging to the same race; but, as in one of the caves a coin of Antoninus Pius and a bronze fibula were discovered, it may be presumed that the caves were used as places of sepulture down to historic times. The human skulls have been examined by Professor Virchow, who decides that none of them indicate a very remote antiquity, or a marked difference from those of the present inhabitants of the district.

MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE'S LIFE.*

MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE landed in India some ten years after Warren Hastings had left it, and he lived long enough to know that the Sepoy Mutiny was at an end. He had served in confidential positions under the Wellesleys, and some of his latest correspondence is taken up with the policy of Dalhousie and Canning and with the elements indispensable for a Council intended to fill the gap of the Court of Directors. His career in its main incidents is linked with the most remarkable diplomatic and military events that took place in Central India and in the Western Presidency between 1800 and 1818. His early years were passed at Benares in the Judicial Department; and then, by one of those fortunate chances of which young men of ability know how to avail themselves, he was brought down to Calcutta with the view of perfecting his knowledge of Oriental languages in the College of Fort William lately established by Lord Wellesley. But he was only a few months at the Presidency when he was transferred to the diplomatic service and acquired

valuable experience at Poona and Hyderabad. Then he joined General Wellesley as a sort of political secretary in the field, and actually witnessed the engagements of Assaye and Argaum and the capture of Gawilghur. When not ten years in the service he was made Resident at Nagpore. In 1808 he was deputed on a special mission to Kabul, but it is important to note that he never reached the capital at all, or saw more of the Khyber Pass than its entrance. It is interesting to find in his journals the names of such places as Kohat, Hassan Abdal, Rawal Pindi, and others, then *sine nomine*, but now familiar to scores of civilians and military men. The envoy to Afghanistan next became the Resident at Poona. Here he detected native intrigues, anticipated Mahratta treachery, and may be said to have directed the movements of troops which resulted in our victory over the Peshwa at Kirkee. When the campaign against Mahrattas and Pindaris was followed by a large territorial increase to the Bombay Presidency, no one had a better claim, not even Sir John Malcolm, to the post of Governor. In that capacity he remained for eight years, controlling our relations with native States of which he knew everything, and supervising Settlements of which he knew little or nothing, but leaving behind him the reputation of a wise, paternal, and far-sighted administrator. At the close of 1827 he left India, never to return to the East again, though he was once offered the post of Minister at Teheran, and twice that of Governor-General of India. The remaining thirty years of his life at home were passed in travel, in society, in the pursuit of literature, and in the production of his well-known *History of India*. For Parliament he thought himself unfitted; but he was more than once consulted on important Indian questions.

The above is a summary of a political career which deserved a biographer from its mere connexion with the splendid feats of English captains and with the collapse of native thrones. If Elphinstone had been no more of an administrator than old Sir Colin, Lord Clyde, or if his idea of the Balance of Power had been taken from Sir John Shore, some record of his adventures, his diplomatic skill, his hairbreadth escapes, his appreciation of native character, would have been perfectly justifiable. But there is so much of political wisdom and warning in his minutes and journals; his training and qualifications were so peculiar; his readiness in emergencies so conspicuous; and his forecast of the perils and contingencies of Indian administration so clear, that the gallery of national portraits would have remained incomplete had it not been for the labours of Sir Edward Colebrooke. A memoir of Elphinstone's life and services had already been published in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1861. But, not to say that he was distinguished as a politician rather than a Pandit, the biographer has since had access to more copious and valuable materials than when he wrote his first sketch. A very wise discretion has been shown in dealing with a "large collection" of "private correspondence" arranged and docketed, but clearly never intended for publication. Such letters have not even been opened by the editor, and will not in this generation at least ever be seen by the public. There is quite enough in the journal and the despatches to satisfy all legitimate curiosity. And we are spared anything that might offend the living or cast a slur on the dead. In all other respects Sir E. Colebrooke has discharged what has doubtless been a pleasure as well as a duty, with excellent judgment and perfect taste. The labour of deciphering the manuscripts could not have been slight. Many Indian statesmen have been excellent penmen. Lord Canning's was a fine bold hand. Lord Lawrence's character might be read in his handwriting. It was occasionally rough, but always legible, firm, and distinct. Lord Dalhousie's longest minutes hardly contain an erasure and are as beautiful as copper-plate. But Mountstuart Elphinstone would never have made his livelihood as a copyist, or in Anglo-Indian phraseology, as a section-writer. Even his English was a scrawl, and though his classical quotations are accurate, his scraps of Persian, whether based on Gilchrist's plan of spelling or his own, were not always consistent. Some valuable aid has been afforded to the biographer by competent Oriental scholars and Indian experts, and Sir Edward Colebrooke had himself the advantage of an early training in the Bengal Civil Service at Allahabad. But he may thank us for pointing out some errors and suggesting some explanation of doubtful words and places. "The Mount" is a familiar term for St. Thomas's Mount, near Madras. *Junones* for Junna, *Gore* for the Gaur or Bison, *Glab* for *Ghārdb* an Arab vessel, *Kauker* for *Karkoon* a Mahratta clerk or inferior revenue officer, *Kanir* for the *Kāvā* district, and a few others are obvious mistakes owing to the printer or to Elphinstone himself. A *Cherry Fouj* is rather a puzzle. *Fouj* is, of course, an army, and *Cherry* may be meant for *Chāoni*, the cantonment. By a *Zillah Reysip* is obviously meant a *Zillah* or Civil and Sessions Judship. Sir John Kaye is spoken of by the Editor throughout as Sir W. Kaye. And the Judge of the Supreme Court at Bombay, who came into collision with that Government and was denounced by Lord Ellenborough then President of the Board of Control, as "the Wild Elephant between two tame ones," was the late Sir J. P. Grant. There was a Sir R. Grant at Bombay, but he was the brother of Lord Glenelg, and was sent out afterwards as Governor and not as Judge. *Russa* seems to have perplexed the biographer, but we have no doubt that Elphinstone meant *Russapagla*, south of Alipore near Calcutta. In the last century it was often the residence of Anglo-Indians who preferred a country house with a large garden and groves of trees to a mansion near Tank Square or on the Esplanade. Subsequently

* *Life of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone*. By Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart., M.P. 2 vols. With Portraits and Maps. London: John Murray. £834.

for years it was the seat of Prince Ghulam Mahomed, the son of Tippoo, and his tribe of nephews and grandnephews.

Readers, whether familiar or not with the outlines of Indian history for the first thirty years of this century, ought to find in Elphinstone's letters and journals an unfailing source of delight. We scarcely remember any public man who read so much without allowing literature to usurp the place of politics. Macaulay and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and one or two others, are not quite in point. They were men of letters rather than statesmen. Elphinstone was a politician of the highest rank. In action he was resolute, prompt, and decisive. His conjectures and warnings were often sound and sometimes prophetic. Native character and its good and bad qualities he had gauged accurately. Yet he was always turning to his books for refreshment and consolation. In spite of imperfect early training at the High School of Edinburgh, and at a school in Kensington of "some repute," he managed to become a very fair classical scholar. He was a proficient in more than one Eastern language, and his Persian quotations are invariably pointed and apt. It is amusing to find in his letters to his friend Strachey how he flies from Oriental intrigues to classic studies; from hawking and hog-hunting to Thucydides and Tyrtaeus; from Bernier's *Travels* to Babur's *Memoirs*: from Blacker's *Mahratta War* to Jain inscriptions; and from Trimbakji Danglia who assassinated Gungadhar Shastri, to apply a sentence from Xenophon's *Hellenics* to the downfall of Buonaparte. No wonder that when he gave up the Government of Bombay he spent more than a year on what was then hardly known as the Overland route, felt the scholar's emotion at the sight of Athens and Ithaca, and visited the birthplace of Ovid and the scene of Hannibal's greatest victory.

It may be conceded without any disparagement to him, that Elphinstone failed in his mission to Cabul. In the first place, as we have mentioned, he never got there at all. And in the second he could not convince the Afghan Wali and his Sirdars that an English alliance or treaty was worth having. But his account of the court of Shah Shujah, of the limited power of the ruler, of the rival factions, and of the independence of the remoter clans, would fit the state of the country at this hour; while it is remarkable that in 1808 he contended that "to defend Afghanistan against an invasion from the west, it was essential that we should come in as allies, and not as conquerors." The late Lord Ellenborough was fully justified in asserting that, had Elphinstone gone to India as Governor-General instead of Lord Auckland, we should have had no Afghan War and no Cabul disaster. We doubt whether Elphinstone fully appreciated the soundness of all Lord Dalhousie's splendid measures, but in 1816 he clearly foresaw the necessity of "establishing an ascendancy over the whole of India," and he was disinclined to have all the "odium without the energy of a conquering people, and all the responsibility of an extensive empire, without its resources or its military advantages." Others, in many ways inferior to Elphinstone, have either misapprehended or scoffed at the doctrine of the Paramount Power. But it is our true policy for India, and Lord Canning's mixture of control and conciliation to lesser chiefs was only possible because Lord Dalhousie had conquered or annexed the greater States. Readers familiar with the early experiences of Munro in Madras and of Lawrence in Upper India will not fail to detect in Elphinstone a want of experience of such tough questions as Revenue, Settlements, and Rent. He himself was quite conscious of this omission in his career. He had been reared as a diplomatist and not as a district officer. More than once he laments his possible inability to grapple with the details of civil government. A good deal of this anxiety was needless. But it led him to put the cart before the horse, when he was contemplating the pacification of the Provinces taken from the Peshwa after the war of 1817. In administering a ceded or conquered province, he says truly that the two main points are "the manner of administering justice, and the rights to be recognized in the different classes, including the Government, entitled to share in the produce of the soil. The first of these is the most important of the duties of the Government." And then he goes on to talk of codes and institutions, native *Punchayats*, and Hindu law. Had he served for a cold season in tents with Munro he would have exactly reversed the above order of duties. Things go on when justice is administered with venality and oppression, and villagers may be left to settle their own feuds by arbitration or the stick and spear; but the first and paramount duty of the conqueror is to say when, how, and to whom the Government land-tax or revenue is to be paid. Other reforms can wait. Nothing will be done until the new master has informed the agricultural community whether they are to cultivate their fields and to pay their dues under a *Zemindary*, a *Ryotwary*, or a village coparcenary system. But we do not blame Elphinstone for not adding to his political experience that of Thomason or R. M. Bird. And here, by the way, one of Sir E. Colebrooke's conditors has failed to give him the right rendering of such a phrase as *dustoor-al-Anal*. In a footnote we are told it is "instruction." It is something much more, being the rough-and-ready set of rules for the conduct of business—judicial, police, or revenue—which precede the compilation and issue of a regular and formal Code.

It will never do for advanced thinkers to reckon on Elphinstone when they wish to sweep away anomalies and invidious distinctions. He was sadly behind the Ripon and Ilbert age. When the territories of the Peshwa were annexed and became "Regulation Provinces," it was found that a set of chiefs known as the Sirdars of the Deccan were perfectly horrified at the prospect of being placed under the ordinary courts of law. To please and

pacify them, a special officer was appointed to decide their disputes, and in the case of the highest chiefs an appeal was given to the Governor of Bombay in Council. With the lesser potentates an appeal lay to the old Sudder Court at Bombay, but the jurisdiction of the local Civil Courts in all cases was barred. Sir E. Colebrooke may find some little difficulty in making it clear to his Liberal friends and supporters that this privilege, so far from being "invidious," "offensive," or "inconvenient," was, as he shows to us, universally popular and was accepted as a boon by all classes. But we fear much that Elphinstone would have thought the English merchant at this day as fully entitled to exceptional consideration as any Mahratta chief in 1818.

When in the fulness of his powers he surveyed an empire at peace, as it was between 1818 and 1838 with the exception of the campaigns in Burma and Coorg, the real dangers did not escape his keen glance. He was for keeping up such States as Mysore and Gwalior, if they behaved themselves decently, but he foresaw trouble if some dashing leader ever gathered a predatory host round his standard; and a few pages further on we have this significant warning:—"If our Indian Empire escapes the Russians and other foreign attacks, I think the seeds of its ruin may be found in the native army, a delicate and dangerous machine, which a little mismanagement may easily turn against us." The ability of natives to govern themselves he put at an "immeasurable distance"; and he was fully aware of the dangers and difficulties of any so-called colonization or settlement by Englishmen. But, while he deprecated a rush of English adventurers who would offend native prejudice and monopolize native employment, and while he rated rather too highly the state of the country under the old Mahratta rule, he had no hesitation in resorting to the sternest measures when British supremacy was threatened. Certain conspirators who would have murdered Englishmen at Poona and surprised local fortresses were summarily tried and blown from guns. And Elphinstone scorned to ask for an indemnity when he had only done his duty. Though, as we have shown, he was no Revenue officer, his remarks on the Cornwallis policy have a special value at this time. He was not democratic enough to insist on *Ryotwary* system. He was for keeping up an aristocracy whether made up of Heads of villages or Heads of *Zemindaries*, but he would have defined and defended the rights and privileges of these classes as well as the "opposite rights" of the tenants. In fact, there are very few points which he did not handle with an acute perception of their immediate and eventual bearing on the permanence of our administration and the contentment of the community. The gradual employment of natives in positions of trust and responsibility; education in all its branches; the claims of the classical languages of the East and of European science; the retention in our own hands of military and political power; the difficulties of an unfettered press; the danger of acquiring territories beyond India Proper; the preparation of a code of law, and the deciphering of ancient inscriptions—on all these subjects Elphinstone, if not absolutely convincing, is full of leading and light. By way of attaching natives to our rule he suggests endowing them with lands as well as pensions. Under proper financial and administrative safeguards, a grant of lands at a quit rent, say for three hundred years, to meritorious Rajas or eminent public servants, might be well worth a trial. It is far better than hoisting Young India into Commissionerships or flooding the Civil Service with Chettys and Modellars from Madras, Cursetjees and Mucksetjees from Bombay, and Ghose, Bose, and Mittra from Bengal. Elphinstone's character is outlined and sketched rather than coloured by his biographer. A portrait, a statue, and a College, to this day attest the gratitude of a past generation for eminent services in council and in camp. Ancestors of the house of Elphinstone fought at Flodden and at Pinkie and filled with credit high offices of State. Their reputation will certainly not suffer by the talents and character of more than one of their name displayed in an Empire which Scotchmen have done so much to create and maintain.

PRACTICAL GAME PRESERVING.*

THE sportsman opens such a book as this with mingled sensations. How much longer, in an age of confiscation, will the preservation of game be permitted, and how long will game survive the repeal of the law by which it is protected? There is too much reason to apprehend the day when what is now known as trespass will be a thing of the past (the attack has already been made in Scotland), when the landowner, if he be permitted to retain any interest in what had been once regarded as his own, will not be allowed to exclude the sovereign people from the parks and coverts. Who can say that the time will not come when holiday-makers will be at liberty to hire guns and to shoot what and where they please? That they would do more mischief to themselves and their companions than to the partridges and pheasants is highly probable, and this reflection will not grieve believers in the rights of property. We fear that Mr. Carnegie's book is born out of due season, but can only hope that honesty will linger in the land for a few years more, and that the valuable

* *Practical Game Preserving; containing the Fullest Directions for Rearing and Preserving both Winged and Ground Game, and Destroying Fervnia; with other Information of Value to the Game Preserver.* By William Carnegie ("Moorman"). Illustrated. London: L. Upcott Gill, 1884.

hints contained in the volume will have good results. We have one ground of complaint against Mr. Carnegie, and will get it over at once. He constantly dwells on the necessity for good feeling among neighbours, and between masters and dependents on estates, and here we are warmly with him; but in one particular the author recommends, and announces that he practises, a course of action which is assuredly not calculated to make a man popular in his neighbourhood or to promote that good feeling the extension of which he professes to seek. On the question of foxes Mr. Carnegie gives currency to views which we are glad to know are not shared by many country gentlemen, even when they are keen game-preservers—men, that is to say, who shoot, but do not hunt. "Some, we know, want both pheasants and foxes," the author writes, "and these should have their wish; but what we see no reason for is the preservation of foxes by those who never take part nor interest in the hunt. . . . Why should we dwellers in hunting countries be compelled to foster, or appear to foster, the vermin whose existence in our coverts we most dread, or whose entrance into our poultry-house is most destructive? For our part, we fail to see a conclusive reason; and when we catch a fox, that fox either goes to a distant part of the country, from which it may be no easy task to return, or is despatched to a 'happy hunting-ground,' the entrance to which is through a noose of cord." If Mr. Carnegie "fails to see a conclusive reason" by the light of nature, he will probably fail to recognize it when it is pointed out to him; but the reason nevertheless exists, and it is directly connected with generosity, unselfishness, and the desire to promote the amusement of others which does so much to establish that good feeling concerning which the author is eloquent. We know equally well the annoyance of finding no birds where there has been good reason to expect a good show, and of drawing covert after covert blank; but whereas in one case we share our disappointment with two or three friends, in the other case a hundred men or more are deprived of their sport. If foxes are troublesome in a hunting country, a note to that effect sent to the nearest M. F. H. will receive prompt attention; and it must be furthermore insisted upon that many sins are laid to the fox's charge of which he is not guilty. We do not mean to say that he has not a taste for game, and that he will not save himself the trouble of hunting a rabbit, which he much prefers if it comes in his way, by snapping up an incautious pheasant; but it is certain that the fox is very frequently suspected of destruction which is committed by stoats, weasels, cats, polecats, birds, or by human agency. The fox is a standing excuse with the lazy, dishonest, or incompetent keeper, while the ravages committed by other vermin, notably perhaps by the stoat, are generally under-estimated. He and his loathsome congeners kill for killing's sake, and they are so wary and so numerous that, unless battle be unceasingly and most vigorously waged against them, they multiply in a marvellous manner, and game suffers correspondingly. If at the same time a keeper whose preserves are infested with the smaller vermin be careless in the matter of poachers, if it be within his conscience to help himself, or to let his friends help themselves, to a few birds now and again, a man finds about a tithing of the game that should be found; and the keeper vows and maintains that the foxes are alone to blame. We remember on one occasion, when the chicks were running about, congratulating keeper on his show of birds, and being told that he had lost forty-five since the day before. Their heads had been bitten off in every case, and of course it was those "foxes that master would have." We felt certain that foxes were not guilty, and suggested to the keeper that he should watch the run. He did so, and at length observed his mistress's dachshund trotting towards the place. The little brute suddenly turned aside, and snapped off a chick's head. He had killed four or five before he could be stopped, and was undoubtedly the culprit. Mr. Carnegie is too well acquainted with country life not to know all this perfectly well, and let us do him the justice to say that in the chapter on "Fox Preservation" he writes in the strain that might be expected from a country gentleman. Chapter xxxvi. and chapter xlii. are contradictory in tone, and we should have liked the book much better if the passages we have quoted from the former, and a few others, had not been written.

The author begins—we have been forced to unburden our minds on the fox and bird question first of all—with chapters on the natural history, the breeding, rearing, maintenance, and increase of pheasants; and he at once succeeds in making it clear that he has a sound and comprehensive practical knowledge of his subject. All that he says points chiefly to the urgent necessity of finding a really good keeper, but there is nothing superfluous in his remarks, as it is his object to instruct readers how to become competent amateur keepers themselves. Of the prepared pheasant foods for young birds he speaks coldly, though he suggests the use of two or three manufactures "as an occasional change." We distrust all these preparations, believing that ample variety of food can be easily obtained without having recourse to any of them; and if no prepared food is used, a man knows precisely what the birds have to eat. All that Mr. Carnegie says of the necessity for cleanliness in the vessels out of which the young pheasants feed, of the dangers of foul water, and the risks that arise from standing coops in damp places will, if his instructions are followed, make a considerable difference to the entries in the game-book at the end of the season, supposing always that men shoot straight. There are few poachers' devices with which the author does not show an intimate acquaintance, and he insists upon this axiom, which

cannot be insisted on too strongly, "To destroy vermin is to preserve game; if you don't do the one, you can't the other." With regard to partridges, as a rule—a very general rule—the assertion is correct that "where partridges already are they can be increased, and an occasional covey or two in a given locality may always be taken as a proof that it is a suitable one whereon to attempt their introduction." Yet we know districts where the occasional covey is to be found, and yet all attempts to provide good sport in September are disheartening failures. The partridge has many enemies. Vermin, ground and winged, are sources of danger. During the nesting season it is easy for the dishonest labourer to steal eggs, or for the malicious one to set his foot in a nest. Wet weather, want of warmth, and sometimes of food, are fatal to innumerable chicks. Mr. Carnegie very properly dwells on the need of beating clover and meadow-grass, so that the position of nests may be ascertained, and when the fields are mown they may be spared. Of grouse disease the author has little that is new to say. The remark is very pertinent, however, that "over-preservation includes over-stocking and bad food." As an illustration of the dog's sagacity in the demoralizing profession of poacher, the following description of the proceedings of a lurcher, an old sheep dog, or an unbroken pointer, as it happens, may be quoted:—

We will suppose that we have arrived at the gate of a field opening out on the road or avenue leading up to the house; in this field there are several hares, either still feeding or retired to their forms for the night; the evening is fine, a heavy mist is rising, and it is just getting as dark as it ever becomes on a fine summer night. The gate is carefully opened and put back, and one of the men produces from his inside pocket a large net, which he proceeds to extend across the gateway, making the lower part lie on the ground about six inches, on the side next the field. The other now brings forward the dog, which, in the uncertain light, seems to be of no breed at all, or of every breed combined. As soon as the net is ready a sign is made to the dog, and off he goes. Meanwhile the men crouch on each side of the gate, one inside and the other outside the field. Now let us endeavour to follow with our eyes this intelligent dog; making a start, he goes off at a gentle, silent trot, keeping about 5 yds. out from the hedge and working in zig-zag form round the field. Having found nothing by the time he returns to the gate, he turns and goes back, keeping this time about 15 yds. out from the hedge, but still working in a zig-zag. This he continues to do, covering all the ground that he has passed until at length a hare is found. It is then that we see the wonderful sagacity of the animal, that is if it be not too dark. Let us mark him closely; he approaches the hare, until at length with a bound he puts it up. No vain endeavour is made by the dog to catch the hare; no! all that he has to do is to drive it to the net, and prevent it from escaping at any other point of the field. First he is on one side of the hare and then on the other, until at length, after turning her several times, he considers that she may be chased into the net. Being now tired of trying to escape by the hedge, she notices that the gate is open, and accordingly makes a rush for it, but just as she goes to leave the field some invisible substance bars her further progress, two of her long-legged enemies jump up, and before she has time to give one cry, poor puss is caught, seized by the hind legs, and then "does not remember anything more." A look round is made to see if all be right, and the dog starts once more. Again a hare is found, but this one is more determined to escape than the other, for she has some faint notion that all is not as it should be, and she accordingly makes headlong for the hedge. In vain our dog tries to turn her, but in vain does she try to get to the hedge. Why? because "Jeep" keeps edging her gradually parallel with it until at last she sees no chance but the gate, and an unhappy chance she has there.

The author has collected much information about ground vermin, the polecat, the stoat (which, as he points out, is the veritable ermine, a fact not generally recognized), the weasel, the martens, and the wild cat. That stoats and weasels have a habit of hunting in small packs is mentioned. A record that as many as fifteen stoats have been observed in one pack is quoted, but the authority is not given. The author of *The Gamekeeper at Home*, however, observes that stoats "hunt in couples, seldom in larger numbers." Mr. Jefferies had seen three, and thought it exceptional; but he once saw five weasels in a pack, and heard of eight. We never happened to see more than a couple of either stoat or weasels; but Mr. Carnegie relates how he once came across three stoats in a state of great excitement on the branch of a tree, while four more were on the ground, a squirrel on the highest part of the tree being the cause of their animation. The best ways to capture these offensive little brutes are fully described, and the peculiarities of many traps are explained. With Mr. Carnegie's views on traps we are in the most hearty accord:—

As trapping animals is beset in itself with a certain amount of cruelty [he says], such care as may be necessary to lessen the pain caused is well expended, while carelessness is . . . quite unpardonable. We once saw a fox which, after having dragged about a trap for nearly a week, had laid down to die of starvation and disease, virulent mange having followed the loss of food and exercise to which it had been subjected.

It is strange that any one who has ever heard the pitiful cries of a trapped hare can set another gin. It is most melancholy to think of the hare, the rabbit, or even the fox, with all his felonies on his head, struggling or lying for hours—in the case quoted it was for days—in agony and terror. The very least that can be done, if humanity be considered, is to use some of the "mitigated" traps—as few of them as possible—and to visit them frequently. We are speaking in this connexion rather with regard to hares and rabbits than to vermin, as to which there are difficulties which we cannot at this moment pause to consider. The otter, the badger—a creature with some very gentlemanlike instincts, by the way—and the tribes of winged vermin, ravens, crows, jays, magpies, and hawks have full attention paid to them. Rooks and wood-pigeons are also included in a very liberal definition of vermin, with which we should not have been inclined to class either. Amongst other subjects discussed is the question how foxes hunt, and the author says there has been some argument as to whether they do so by

sight or by smell. There surely need have been no argument about this, as it is certain the fox utilizes not only his eyes and his nose, but his ears in addition.

The book is described as "illustrated," but the illustrations merely consist of a few diagrams of traps, with plans of hatching-houses, a fox earth, and suchlike designs, which scarcely come under the head of what is understood as illustration. The sketches, however, are serviceable in their way. On the whole, although we regret to find that Mr. Carnegie is not sound on the question of his neighbour's fox, *Practical Game Preserving* is a book which may be studied with great advantage by every resident in the country. Few who have an interest in sport will fail to derive instruction from its pages, for the author is an exceedingly shrewd observer. Those who are in no way sportsmen, and have not an intimate acquaintance with country life, will gain a knowledge of the habits of the birds and beasts around them which will add a new pleasure to their rambles in the fields and woods.

CHURCH'S BACON.*

DEAN CHURCH'S treatment of Bacon shows with curious exactness how much Mr. Spedding's lifelong work has effected, and how far it still is from having produced its full effect. Macaulay's glittering antitheses and commonplace indignation are indeed for ever discredited. We have learned that Bacon as a statesman is not to be judged from the point of view of the Reform Bill, nor Bacon as a philosopher from the point of view of the Learned Friend and the Useful Knowledge Society. Macaulay put himself at exactly the wrong point of view for both purposes, and brought out results which were not only erroneous in detail—such things can always be set right, and perhaps Mr. Spedding laid too much weight on some of them—but fundamentally perverse. It is no longer possible for a scholar like the Dean of St. Paul's to follow Macaulay as an authority for Bacon's life. The *Edinburgh Reviewer*'s indictment has been conclusively shown to be bad in substance and in form. But the refutation has not yet sunk into men's minds. A cloud of suspicion and prejudice remains, and the prevailing opinion, even among competent people, seems to be that where there has been so much smoke, and for so long, there must be real fire.

So it is that Dean Church's estimate of Bacon, though a very different thing from Macaulay's, is, in its result, as a whole nearer to Macaulay than to Spedding. Bacon's life, we are told, was a poor life. He was not true to what he knew; he cringed, he sold himself, he shut his eyes to evil. His character had the deep and fatal flaw that he was a pleaser of men. All this reads very well; it is an excellent setting forth of the legendary Bacon, much more delicately touched than Macaulay's monster. The only drawback is that it does not apply to the real Bacon as shown in his authentic words and acts. The legendary Bacon cringed. The real Bacon addressed persons of high rank in the language which in his age was required as a matter of common courtesy. The legendary Bacon sold himself. The real Bacon thought it better to serve his country with and even under men inferior to himself than not to serve it at all. The legendary Bacon was a pleaser of men. The real Bacon knew very well the arts which pleasers of men cultivate; one need only open the "Essays" to be sure of that. But in his own person either he tried to please men and failed (which does not look probable in a man of his capacity), or he preferred something else to pleasing them. Certain it is that for the best years of his life he pleased great men, on the whole, rather ill than well. The slowness of his promotion is notorious and common ground. What has the Dean of St. Paul's to give by way of explanation? Only a series of speculative questions.

The crucial point in Bacon's career, with regard to his character, is no doubt the fall of Essex. And whether Essex entered on the fatal Irish expedition with Bacon's encouragement or against his warning is a matter of some importance in the events leading up to the catastrophe. The Dean of St. Paul's thinks that Bacon deceived himself, if not others, in after years, when he maintained that he had disliked that enterprise and warned Essex of its dangers. At the time, he says, "Bacon wrote only in the language of sanguine hope." This refers to the "Letter of Advice to my Lord of Essex, immediately before his going into Ireland." We can only say that the language is of hope indeed, but to our mind nothing like sanguine hope, and that the general colour of the letter is to us that of grave anxiety. Remembering that the expedition was then finally decided upon, and that Bacon was not in a position to speak to Essex as an equal, much less a preceptor, we fail to see what stronger warning he could have given. The time for dissuasion was past. All that could be done was to indicate the chances and the perils, the just path of honour to be followed and the false path of ambition to be shunned. And this Bacon did with perfect sincerity. He told Essex that the opportunity was one of splendid promise for the retrieving of fame and fortune, if rightly used. And surely this was true. But he feared, and did not conceal the fear from Essex himself, that it would be used no better than former opportunities. And the fear was only too well grounded. Then we have the question of Bacon's conduct in the proceedings

* *Bacon*. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, Honorary Fellow of Oriel College, London: Macmillan & Co. 1884. ("English Men of Letters" Series.)

against Essex afterwards. The Dean of St. Paul's hardly disputes that it was in itself dignified and moderate. But Bacon, it is said, ought to have refused to appear against Essex. In whose interest? It would have ruined Bacon, without doing Essex any good. Nay more, the conclusion of Bacon's first speech looks very much as if, until the last moment, he were doing what he could to hold out to Essex a way of safety, or, at any rate, a possibility. "Methinks it were best for you to confess, not to justify." So it would have been, and to say it then and there was the best thing Bacon could do for Essex. These words are, in truth, the keynote of the whole speech. If even then Essex had frankly thrown himself on the Queen's mercy it might not have been too late. There was still a slender chance that Bacon, as an independent and trusted public servant, might have some influence in saving Essex from the extreme consequences of his unwise. It may have been a better one than we can now know. In any case, Bacon, if he had not "sacrificed his friend and his own honour," as Dean Church calls it—in other words, if he had made himself the discredited and powerless partisan of an avowed rebel—would have thrown away the last chance, better or worse, of shielding his friend in any way. It was Essex who ruined his own cause at every stage. Not that Bacon was of the stuff that martyrs or leaders of revolutions are made of. A man of that stamp would have acted differently, though it is by no means clear that his action would have been better; but then such a man could not have been a public servant in the England of Elizabeth at all.

We have nothing to say against the treatment of Bacon's philosophical work. The Dean of St. Paul's is there in a more congenial element. But it is curious how much discussion there is about the nature and extent of Bacon's influence on the scientific advance of the seventeenth century, and how little trouble has been taken to ascertain what the men of science thought of it themselves. It is worth knowing that such masters as Descartes and Huygens really studied Bacon, and, widely as their practical experience often compelled them to differ from him, differed with respect. Christian Huygens wrote thus in 1687 concerning the future of the problems of physics (his purpose was to moderate the sanguine expectations of his correspondent Tschirnhausen):—"In quibus ego tamen summam difficultatem restare existimo, nec aliter eam superari posse quam ab experimentis incipiendo . . . deinde hypotheses quasdam communis ad quas experimenta expendantur; qua in re egregia mihi videtur Verulamii methodus, et quae amplius excoli mereatur." He adds, with a light but sure hand, the important qualification which the knowledge of later generations has confirmed to the full:—"Sed ita quoque pernicius labor superest, nec solum sagacitate insigni opus, sed saepe et felicitate aliqua."

RECENT VERSE AND TRANSLATIONS.*

COLLECTIONS of English poetry are already so numerous that it might be thought there was no demand for more. There exists in America, however, a very genuine interest in our poetry, and the volumes of *English Verse*, edited by Messrs. W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard, though published here, are apparently issued from New York and intended for a young and susceptible people. It is a defect in their editing that they are prefaced by no statement of aim or standard of excellence by which the whole collection may be judged, such as Mr. Palgrave sets forth in his admirable *Golden Treasury*. The selections from early English poetry evince considerable research and excellent taste; but the excessive representation of contemporary verse is as extraordinary as the editors' neglect of eighteenth-century poetry. Mr. Stoddard's introductory essays are occasionally agreeable and even picturesque, but his criticism is without distinction and often unhappy, as when he says, "No reader of English verse need be told that every Elizabethan poet of note except Spenser was a writer of lyrics," as if the author of the *Four Hymns* and the *Epithalamion* was no lyrist. He is habitually unjust to Dryden. His remarks on the influence of the Restoration are entirely misleading; it is not merely vague, but inaccurate, to speak of "the Restoration which turned the grandest drama in the world into opera, the blank verse of Shakespeare into the rhyming couplets of Dryden." Mr. Stoddard's observations on the anomalous position of Gray's

* *English Verse*. Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. 5 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Poetry of Modern Greece. Translated by Florence M'Pherson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Plays from English History. By Charles Grindrod. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The Stranger's Story; and his Poem, "The Lament of Love." By Charles Grindrod. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Anima Christi. By J. S. Fletcher. Bradford: Fletcher & Co. 1884.

Iulus; and other Poems. By Ernle S. W. Johnson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

The Lily of the Lyn; and other Poems. By H. J. Skinner. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Four Pictures from a Life; and other Poems. By the Hon. Mrs. O. N. Knox. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Under Fool's Cap. By Daniel Henry, junior. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Select Poems of Catullus. Translated by Arthur P. Howell. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.

The Alcestis of Euripides. Translated by H. B. L. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1884.

Cabal and Love. By F. von Schiller. Translated by T. C. Wilkinson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1884.

Elegy and the more striking and reactionary instance of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, would have acquired some force if he had not omitted to make in connexion with them any reference to the far more phenomenal Rowley poems; this would also have effectually corrected his view of our eighteenth-century poetry being an imitation of the topiarian art of Boileau. He actually speaks elsewhere of "the dearth of good contemporary poetry in the seventh decade of the eighteenth century," thus ignoring that pregnant epoch which produced the sublime ode in *Goddwyn* and the exquisite lyrical faculty of Chatterton. In the volume of *Dramatic Scenes* the reader passes from Shirley to Landor without a single scene from the characteristic Restoration drama, which Mr. Stoddard regards as a distortion of the Elizabethan drama, instead of a novel growth of peculiar originality. When such poor stuff as Keats's *King Stephen* is considered worthy of association with the Elizabethan drama, we might reasonably expect a scene from Dryden's *All for Love* or *Aurenghzebe*. It is difficult, too, to appreciate the editorial subtlety that admits Landor's *Dialogues in Verse*, which their author considered closet plays, and rejects works of such genuine dramatic power as Coleridge's *Remorse* and Byron's *Sardanapalus* and *Werner*. When, however, the volume of *Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century* is considered, the aims of the editors are very forcibly divulged. A large portion of this volume of *English Verse* is occupied by American verse, and, with a strong protest against this strained interpretation of the title, we think it would have been well if some frank indication of the contents had appeared on the title-page. We cannot detect in the majority of the numerous extracts from more than thirty American poets the slightest justification for their publication. It is of course very pleasant to be associated in a century anthology with such lyrists as Shelley and Coleridge, and such Americans as Poe and Longfellow and Whittier; but these agreeable diversions should be confined to the private press of a provincial coterie and not be permitted to mar the continuity and representative character of a series which includes volumes of such genuine value as the *Chaucer to Burns* and the *Ballads and Romances*.

It is perhaps owing to the decay of the Byronic legend that the wealth of modern Greek poetry has attracted so little attention in this country, and Miss M'Pherson's pretty volume, which reflects so much of "the glory that was Greece," should remedy a most unmerited neglect. The beauty and glowing inspiration of many of the poems by writers of the present century are strikingly displayed in these translations, which are scarcely less eloquent of the genius of the originals than the skill and poetic gifts of the translator. If the difficulties of poetic translation appeared insuperable to so accomplished a poet as Shelley, the excellence of much of Miss M'Pherson's work shows she possesses something beyond the mere linguistic qualification. The beautiful "Death Song" of Valaoritès, the extracts from *Kyra Phrosyné* and *Euthymios Vlachavas*, and the spirited version, "Demos and his Musket," successfully reproduce the delicate fancy and patriotic ardour of the Leucadian poet. The translations from living poets, such as Mr. Khangabé, Mr. Achilles Paraschos, and Dr. Aphentoulès, are full of interest; the extract from the *Tà Kypria* of the latter poet admirably expresses the spirit that animated the Cretans of 1866. In addition to specimens of Solomos, Zalakostas, and others who gave brilliant lyrical expression to the enthusiasm of War of Independence, the volume contains examples of the older popular ballads which are so full of touching lament, so richly compacted of folk-lore, and so deeply imbued with the primitive attributes of poetry.

Although there have been educational reformers who would lure unwilling youth into the rigid paths of Hume by advocating the early study of Shakespeare's historical plays, the expedient is of doubtful value. History is seldom attractive in the garb of poetry or fiction, and nothing less than genius of a high order can render its dramatic presentment tolerable or profitable; even in Shakespeare it is the poetry and humour and pathos that delight, and not the historical transcript. Lear and Othello are not less, but rather more highly endowed with actuality than are the historical Richard II. and Henry V. Mr. Grindod has dramatized a considerable portion of English history with too little attention to characterization. To read one of his plays is to make the acquaintance of all; the persons of the drama are not boldly projected in the stirring atmosphere of their times; they are deficient in colour and force, and speak one language; one king is much like another; Mortimer is own brother to Montfort, and the sole exception to this monotony is the sketch of James I., the distinction of which is, however, very superficial.

The sixty spurious sonnets which were so romantically entrusted to Mr. Grindod by the Stranger of Malvern Hills were written, according to the author, "All at once, at the dull height of my grief," which perhaps accounts for their dreary sameness, in which particular they strangely resemble Mr. Grindod's plays. They illustrate the danger to the amatory poet of dallying with the hour of inspiration; passion dies, and with it the poetic afflatus, and there is nothing left but the dull height of grief, which is apparently more fatal to eloquence than the marsh of stupor, and far less inspiring than the depths whence often have arisen divinely attuned *suspiria*.

Anima Christi portrays the passage of a soul from the material assurance of Agnosticism into the bosom of the Church through the interposition of the *ewigkeiliche* influence. A certain rude vigour distinguishes the expression of the Agnostic's gradually awakened doubts; but the poetic conception is treated with too little subtlety. The poem is coarse and rough in execution;

there is much strenuous wailing, yet the infinite longings of a soul in pain are but faintly delineated; the conversion is too melodramatic, and the final state of ecstasy occasionally suggests mental prostration rather than the pure and delicate exaltation of the regenerate spirit. This result is due to deficient refinement and finish, and a want of skill in harmonizing the three phases of experience depicted; the verse, too, is not free from terribly prosaic lapses, that shock the sensitive ear not less than the defective unity of the poem offends the artistic sense. Mr. Fletcher's conception is, however, worthy of realization; and his work contains sufficient indications of the poetic faculty to make us hope he may attain to more adequate and perfect fulfilment of future conceptions.

Ilaria is a romantic tale, prettily told, of a noble Italian girl, who, for her love's sake and the pity of it, surrenders a life of luxury to become one of the people. Amid the glory of her high estate she pines for some free existence beyond her castle walls, and Love, ever ready to aid distressed damsels, delivers her. Let her unselfish enthusiasm plead for her that she married her gardener; nor let it be forgotten that the poet has a precedent for her conduct in the *Duchess of Malfi*. Among Mr. Johnson's other poems is one that celebrates the loves of Daphnis and Lyce with considerable grace and charm, and with a simplicity that well accords with the beautiful fable.

Mr. Skinner's verse is decidedly Tennysonian. Not only does he imitate "Stanzas to Maud," which, in spite of his declaration that the young lady is his own and not Tennyson's Maud, are undoubtedly inspired by the Laureate's poem, but, also, a lengthy blank-verse poem, "A Song of the Sea," which is scarcely a less obvious self-impeachment. It contains some passages of vivid description, and the story is related with tolerable skill and facility. In the *Lily of the Lyn* occurs the following singular simile:—

Ribbed and grim,
The little church roof, like a martyr's back,
Bared to the bitter thong of bigotry,
Quiver'd from lash of branches in the storm.

The Hon. Mrs. Knox's *Four Pictures from a Life* is a vague little poem without the picturesque elements attributed to it; some of the lyrics are superior to it in feeling and execution, and possess the excellent quality of unaffected sincerity. The translations from Goethe—though of songs very familiar and frequently translated—fairly reproduce the spirit of the original.

The quaint nursery rhymes and jingling verses of Mother Goose form the *motif* of Mr. Henry's volume, and these old humours are elaborated to suit our wiser and sadder days. In their masquerade dress such old friends as "How does my lady's garden grow?" "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark," and others of the motley company, are presented in very pretty and piquant fashion. "Daffy-down-dilly" is an attractive version of the text; so also is "Cock-a-doodle-do," with its graphic picture of the departed Carnival. Some of Mr. Henry's modern versions would perhaps cause Mother Goose more surprise than satisfaction, as when he inculcates moral lessons in "Humpty Dumpty" and "Little Boy Blue," or is satirical, as in "Margery Daw."

Many of the specimens of Catullus translated by Mr. Howell successfully realize his ideal of presenting with some approach to exactitude the impression conveyed to the student by the original; others, not less certainly, suggest the vexed question as to what extent a literal translation is preferable to one more free, which yet catches the volatile spirit of the original. Leigh Hunt's well-known translation of the poem "De Acme et Septimo," for instance, is exceedingly loose and verbally inaccurate, yet it reproduces, it seems to us, the Catullan charm and elegance more happily than Mr. Howell's more scholarly version. Mr. Howell occasionally expresses the *juste milieu*, however, with effect, as in the poems to Lesbia, the "Conversation with Varus," and in the poem "Ad Coloniam," in which, however, he strangely—perhaps ironically—translates *ponte longo* by "big bridge." The longer poems, the "Peleus and Thetis," with the prophetic hymn of the Parcae in particular, are rendered with considerable spirit and intelligence; and the translations generally evince taste and discernment.

The translation of the *Alcestis* of Euripides by H. B. L. is a metrical experiment which, while not without interest, is more likely to repel than attract the English reader. The attempt to give the original metres and to indicate the Greek inflections by arbitrary accents, renders the version almost grotesque in appearance, an impression which reading only deepens. As a crib the translation will doubtless be appreciated, while the introductory matter is carefully compiled and copious of information.

Mr. Wilkinson's translation of Schiller's *Kraepe und Liebe* is a tolerably effective version of that strange compound of conflicting passions, the powerful and painful *dénouement* of which is vigorously rendered.

PROGRAMMES AND MUSIC.

OF the making of analytical concert programmes it may now be said there is no end. Our forefathers had to be contented with the bare announcement of the name of the work which they were called upon to hear; and in most cases they were fortunate if the concert impresario vouchsafed to indicate the key in which the piece was written. "Symphony—Mozart," or "Symphony—Beethoven," or even such misleading headings as "New Grand Overture—Haydn," when one of the symphonies produced at Solomon's concerts was intended, was considered sufficient information for the enthusiastic amateurs of the latter half of the last

century. "It is not until the fifth season" of the Philharmonic Society (1817) that the number or the key indicates which works the audience might expect to hear," says Sir George Grove, himself one of the masters of the art of analytical programme-writing; and it was not until 1859 and the establishment of the Monday Popular Concerts that a concert audience could revel in the luxury of the little blue-covered programme, with its fund of technical and biographical lore. At first, no doubt, the analytical programme was "caviare to the general"; but its possession was accompanied with a sense of superiority in those who were able to follow the musical references therein contained, a pleasure which was not lightly to be foregone by those who were not able to do so; and thus, if only for the sake of appearances, every one patronized the programmes, and their success was forthwith insured. The advantage of having the words of the songs which were sung, it must be remembered, was also no small benefit. In the early days of these programmes it was a source of considerable amusement to watch the eagerness displayed by some in following the fragmentary musical quotations; and it has happened that, after repeated efforts to accomplish his purpose, the bewildered searcher after technical musical knowledge has given up the task with a look of despair most pathetic to witness. But time and, let us hope, increased knowledge, has changed all this, and now no concert is complete without its special analytical feast. The "Wagner Handbook," to give it its short title, is a volume of "analytical programmes with English texts, biographic and critical essays," designed to enlighten the audience at the Wagner Festival Concerts lately given by Mr. Theodore Thomas in New York. A large octavo volume of 128 pages, it is typographically a work of art, embellished with wood engravings illustrating scenes in Wagner's different operas, and giving a very fair portrait of the composer, and we suppose an equally good one of the conductor of these concerts. Although not overburdened with technicalities, it gives in a series of short essays a very succinct and popular analysis of Wagner's method and theory of music-drama, and the biographical portions are sufficiently interesting. Mr. Theodore Thomas is undoubtedly a very energetic and efficient conductor; but we think the writer of this programme would have shown better taste had he "puffed" him somewhat less enthusiastically. Certainly a man who "conducts a Bach fugue, a Mozart symphony, a Strauss waltz" (observe the gradation), "a Handel oratorio, or a selection from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, with the same technical finish and the same sympathetic realization of the composer's intentions," and who "last summer gave seventy-four concerts within as many days, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific," is a remarkable personage, but we think hardly even for these achievements deserves double the space allotted to Mme. Nilsson, Frau Materna, or Herr Winkelmann, in these pages. On the whole, however, this gigantic programme is very well done, and will have been useful to those who require aid in forming a judgment of the music presented to them at these concerts—a vast majority, doubtless—for we still believe with Puff, in *The Critic*, that "the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed."

How to Excel in Singing and Elocution is the title of a very valuable little brochure on the art of singing, by Miss Jessie Murray-Clark. Although it bears the second title of "A Manual for Lady Students," it will be found to be useful in its general remarks upon the education of the voice for male as well as female aspirants. Miss Murray-Clark does not pretend to originate any new method of instruction; but endeavours in a short and lucid treatise "to place before the student those principles which have been advocated by musicians of eminence, and on which the best methods of teaching singing are based." Her authorities she frankly acknowledges in her modest preface to the work, and places deservedly much trust in Herr Emil Behnke's *Mechanism of the Human Voice* as a guide for the non-technical reader. In ten short chapters the author deals in an eminently practical way with all the various departments of voice-production, and though it may be said that she does not perhaps develop any new methods, there is not a chapter that does not in some way or other place the known practice in a new and practical light. Above all, we are glad to hail in Miss Murray-Clark another denouncer of the pernicious habit of straining the voice and an advocate of "the extension of the compass through the exercise of the notes which are well within its natural limits." It is all very well to say that every practical singing-master or mistress is aware of this fact; but, owing to the ignorance of the students or their friends, teachers are obliged to practise an opposite method for their credit's sake, and in ten or a dozen lessons to add a note or two to the already impoverished voice by hook or by crook, to what advantage to art may be better imagined than expressed. If intending students will carefully study the principles laid down by Miss Murray-Clark, the teacher's task will be lightened and the student will advance in her art proportionately. The author's remarks upon "Elocution" are exceedingly clear and much to the purpose; and her insistence on the golden rule of keeping the mouth firmly closed, except to sing, to speak, to eat, and to drink, is one of those simple but all-important points which are too often passed over as trivialities. As a valuable vade-mecum to the art of singing Miss Murray-Clark's little book may be highly recommended. There is much humour also in the choice of the stanza from Byron and the epigram from Coleridge which stand as mottoes to the little work.

Of sheet music we have six songs from Messrs. Stanley Lucas & Weber. "Bygone Days," by Mr. Halfden Kjerulff, is a pleasing setting of words by Robert Burns, in which the composer has

attempted, with some success, to reproduce the peculiar Scotch rhythm; and "When all around is still," by Mr. William Harold, is an effective song simply treated, but displaying considerable originality. Lady Benedict's "Castles in Spain" has a singular charm in its simplicity and straightforwardness, and is a type of the genuine English ballad which, while thoroughly artistic in treatment, depends much more upon the powers of the singer than upon any extraneous effects of the accompaniment. "Fetter'd yet Free," by Signor Antonio L. Mora, is a graceful song which will doubtless become popular, while Miss E. J. Troup's two songs, "Spring Showers" and "Portuguese Love Song," both display high artistic power, the latter being remarkably characteristic and effective. Mr. Theodore W. Barth has written a very effective song called "The Carver," which we have no doubt Mr. Santley, to whom it is dedicated, will make popular; and another to the words of Cardinal Newman's hymn "Lead thou me on," which is both musicianlike and impressive in treatment. Both songs are published by Messrs. Weekes & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE publication of the letters of George Sand (1) pursues its way with remarkable slowness. Nearly two years have passed since the first volume appeared, and this present (the fifth) only brings us to the year 1870. As the editorial work is almost infinitesimal, as the difficulty of arranging all obtainable letters in exact chronological order would apply to the first volume as well as to the last, and as in any case it would be met, and must be met, if new material came in during publication, by the obvious expedient of an appendix, the delay is not very intelligible. The interest of the volumes continues to be very uniform. The letters are bright, excellently written after an easy fashion, and full of many-sided sympathy. But they never display very deep thought; in which respect, if George Sand's worshippers will pardon us, they exactly resemble her other work.

Somebody has said (or, if somebody has not said it, he ought to have) that a clever man never does a clever thing without more or fewer not clever men proceeding to do the same thing not cleverly. MM. Renan and Havet exemplify the axiom. We can tolerate M. Renan without much difficulty; we leave the toleration of M. Havet to those who are by nature tolerant. When he tells us that "the foundation of all criticism is to strike the supernatural out of the life of Jesus," we know what to expect from him in point of matter; and as he does not tell us this till his ninth page, we already know what to expect from him in point of form. A *Life of Jesus* (2) with the supernatural struck out of it can have no possible interest except as a well-written romance; and of a well-written romance M. Havet is evidently not capable. As for his remark that "les croyants" can do nothing with Strauss except abstain from reading him, that also tells a tale as to M. Havet's grasp of the mere elements of the matter. But this is not a review of theology, and we may content ourselves with recommending M. Havet to anybody who likes dull and conscientious unorthodoxy, which somehow or other busies itself with problems interesting only to the orthodox.

It is indeed difficult to know what to do with well-intentioned dullards, and among this class we fear that we must also count M. d'Ursel (3). He has filled nearly three hundred pages with the most estimable platitudes as to the characteristics, the dangers, the advantages of democracy, and this is his conclusion:—"Plus le citoyen a de droits et de pouvoir, plus il importe qu'il ait de mérite." True, O Viscount! it imports very much indeed. But it was, perhaps, hardly worth while to write three hundred pages to tell us this; and it would be well worth while to write three thousand if we could be told how this most desirable and important dead-lift to the "merit" of the human race is to be given.

Mme. Olympe Audouard (4) protests in her preface against being accused of "pretension." Far be it from us to do anything so rude in respect to any lady. Mme. Audouard, regarded as a writer of travels, has sometimes struck us as being a little imaginative, and we venture to take her "spiritist" experiences with a few—a very few—grains of salt. But she has been an adventurous person—which is by no means the same as an adventuress—and in some ways a successful. We do not see why any woman who has started and managed successful newspapers, and has been kissed (on the forehead, of course) by Lamartine and M. Victor Hugo on the same day, and has hobnobbed in "books" with Said Pasha, and has cured herself of chronic complaints by drinking ten dozen and three bottles of champagne, and sleeping for the greater part of a month, and has gained the confidence of Communists by administering to them "hot and well-sugared tea," should not write memoirs. Indeed, we see many reasons why she should. The book has a portrait in red ink which is full of character.

In a little book Baron Ernouf (5) has given a patriotic account

(1) *Correspondance de George Sand*. Vol. V. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
(2) *Le Christianisme et ses origines; le Nouveau Testament*. Tome quatrième. Par E. Havet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *La démocratie et ses conditions morales*. Par le Vicomte Philibert d'Ursel. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Voyage à travers mes souvenirs*. Par Olympe Audouard. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Histoire de quatre inventeurs français*. Par le Baron Ernouf. Paris: Hachette.

of some French inventors, with Sauvage at their head. Of course Sauvage did not invent the screw, as Baron Ernouf thinks he did. But he did a great deal of good work in connexion with it, and received even less than the usual amount of encouragement from his own country. He himself, it may be observed, anticipated and laughed at the absurd charge that "the English engineer Smith" sent "a very correct and intelligent Englishman" to pick his brains. The less known names of Heilmann, Thimonnier, and Giffard complete the list of Baron Ernouf's inventors.

M. Jousaut is becoming more and more enterprising in his reprints; and it is well, for literature gains by the issue of good books in pretty shape. He has now made a new start with *Sacountala* (6), the first of a series of "Foreign Classics for French Readers."

M. Reinach ought to bring a blush to the foreheads of the partisans of more than one religious and political dogma. His Gambettism knows no weakness and no falling off, and one scarcely ever takes up a parcel of French books without finding him at his post. His latest contribution to the literature of the Gambettist faith is a little book in the "Bibliothèque utile" (7), containing the legend of his master, put with all due conciseness and fervour.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. J. E. HODGSON, R.A., has added another to the shelf-full of published lectures which he informs us adorn the library of the Royal Academy. These works, it seems, moulder away in neglect; and Mr. Hodgson cheerfully faces the prospect that this will also be the fate of his *Academy Lectures* (Trübner & Co.). We will not prophesy; but it is at least possible that he is right. His lectures do not seem to be directed to any class of readers in particular. They are not technical enough for the art student, and the reader who likes talk about art may perhaps not find them eloquent enough. There is very little profit to be got out of vague generalities about the state of Greece in the great artistic time and the condition of mediæval Europe. When it is all read we are as far as ever from understanding how it affected painting and sculpture. Mr. Hodgson's practical knowledge has not, apparently, made it easier for him than for the mere literary art critic to tell in words what is the essential artistic quality in a statue or a picture. Now, if talk or writing about art cannot do that, what does it avail?

In these days, when American literature is so carefully studied, we all know to what an unpleasant place Texas is the alternative. It has always been suspected that this is an American joke, and so it appears from a little book edited by Mr. T. Hughes. *G. T. T.: Gone to Texas* (Macmillan & Co.) is a collection of letters from various young men who have gone to the dreaded State, and have not made such a bad business of it. They were Englishmen and gentlemen; but they did not object to hard physical work, which completely explains the mystery. Mr. Hughes, who edits these letters of his nephews, is a little inclined to overrate the novelty of what they have to tell. As a matter of fact, one newly-published book out of twenty taken at random gives very much the same story and the same moral. They begin by asking what is to be done with our boys, and then proceed to prove by example that they had better emigrate—if they possess the necessary qualities. Unluckily, that is just the difficulty. The number of young men who are gentlemen by birth and yet fitted to be emigrants is small. Probably they are not more numerous than the young men who are able and energetic enough to succeed at home.

"Nothing is more remarkable than the carelessness and apathy of Londoners concerning all that appertains to the organization and arrangement of the sanitary machinery of their great city, and this is more especially the case with regard to the water supply, upon which the daily health of every family in the metropolis depends." These are the words with which Mr. G. Phillips Bevan, F.L.S., opens his treatise on *The London Water Supply* (E. Stanford). For our part we incline to think that the said "carelessness and apathy" do not exist at all, but that Londoners are simply conscious of the fact that they live in one of the healthiest cities in the world. Mr. Bevans' treatise, however, is not the less useful because the abuses of the sanitary reformer's imagination exist nowhere else. It ought to be welcome to anybody who wants to know the facts, and it is illustrated by an instructive map.

Whoever is not fastidious about looking into human vulgarity, stupidity and brutality, may find a certain pleasure in reading *How Shakespeare's Skull was Stolen and Found*, by a Warwickshire Man (Elliot Stock). Whether the story be true or false, or partly one and partly the other, it is equally disgusting.

All sorts and degrees of centenaries produce their crop of books. The *Wyclif Quincentenary* is naturally no exception to the rule, and accordingly a neat little white bound volume on the Reformer has duly made its appearance, under the title of *John Wyclif, Patriot and Reformer*, by Rudolf Buddensieg (T. Fisher Unwin). It is uniform with the same firm's edition of *Luther's Table Talk*.

The excellent *Academy Notes*, No. X., and *Grosvenor Notes*, No. VII. (Chatto & Windus), are by this time in everybody's hands.

(6) *Sacountala*. Traduit par A. Bergaigne et P. Le Huguer. Paris : Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(7) *Bibliothèque utile — Léon Gambetta.* Par J. Reinach. Paris : F. Alcan.

"A Friend" has made a fat volume of quotations from the numerous works of the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*, under the title of *Thoughts and Characters* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney, has yielded to human weakness, and published a volume of *Sermons preached at Westminster Abbey* (Cassell & Co.). The *Miscellaneous Essays* of Mr. W. R. Greg (Trübner & Co.) in his second series range in subject from the state of France in 1848 down to the employment of our Asiatic forces in European wars—an article contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*.

Political satire of the allegorical kind is a tempting but difficult branch of literature. Whoever would succeed in it has need of very much more than excellence of intention. *The Immortal Schoolmaster*, by G. T. Lowett (London: Kerby & Endean; Windsor: William Clarke), is full of good intentions, but they are not adequately carried out. The story tells how a Dr. Bledstane, a great reader of Homer and most worthy man, came to be head-master of his old school, and how he tried to govern it on principles of justice. His method was to relax discipline and trust to the moral elevation of the boys to keep things straight. The consequences may be guessed. It is clever and bright, but the applications are not always obvious. "The Round Table Series" is the title of a new course of pamphlets designed to give the "views of a number of writers who, while representing divers and even antagonistic schools of thought, desire to give temperate and reasoned statement of their beliefs." It opens with a sketch of Emerson (Edinburgh: William Brown), which is doubtless temperate, but just a little bit hazy. Perhaps that only makes it in better keeping with the subject.

From *Grave to Gay* (Longmans & Co.) is the title chosen by Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell for a selection from his poems. It is nicely printed on delightfully crumbly paper and adorned by an etching of the author, who looks the very ideal of a bard in a fur-coat. *The Charities Register and Digest* (Longmans & Co.) is republished in a second edition brought down to 1884, with an introduction by C. S. Loch. Mr. J. R. Lutin, member of the Wordsworth Society, has compiled another *Wordsworth Birthday Book* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.). Messrs. Cassell & Co. have published a cheap illustrated *Paris Guide*. The number of *L'Art* for the 15th of May is most remarkable for a paper on Old Brussels, illustrated by drawings from the sketch-book of a certain Paul Vitzthum.

Three well-known novels appear, one of them at least not for the first time by any means, in cheap and portable form. The evergreen *Cranford* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) comes accompanied by a selection from Mrs. Gaskell's smaller prose tales. *Ben Milner's Wooing* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) reproduces one of the pleasantest of Holme Lee's quiet and unpretentious, but excellent, stories. *No New Thing* (same publishers) was, at its first appearance, perhaps more popular than any other of Mr. Norris's books, and it exhibits his style fairly, if not quite to so much advantage as *Matrimony*.

A thoroughly satisfactory County Atlas is an impossibility while the survey of England is in its present incomplete or antiquated state. Messrs. Letts, however, have judged wisely in doing what can be done with present appliances, and issuing a desirable appendix to their popular Atlas. Each number of the *County Atlas* contains four maps, and is issued for one shilling, the maps being on the scale of four miles to the inch, clearly printed and neatly coloured. The specimen before us includes the Eastern Counties, and the localities of the recent earthquake in Essex have been carefully marked on it.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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